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D. R. LOCKE'S LAST NOVEL. NEXT WEEK.

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Poetry.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of the life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In the throng that hurries by.
From a sleepless thoughts endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grows willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Our Story Teller.

THE STORY OF A MINE.

What Henry Raynor Undertook and Accomplished for Love.

CHAPTER I.

HOWEVER true it may be that rolling stones gather no moss, some of the human beings addicted to the rotary style of life find it infinitely more enjoyable than the process of gathering moss. So, at least, it seemed to Henry Raynor, a love of wandering, for its own sake, was natural to him.

Left at an early age master of himself, of his profession as a mining engineer, and of a small but secure yearly income, he promised fairly to climb the ladder of fortune; but his first employment in the mines of Durango, Old Mexico, roused a taste for change and adventure that never after could sate itself, and thenceforth his life was one of almost constant movement, with very little excuse for it in the shape of money added to his purse.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the countries he visited. Suffice it to say that one spring he found himself in London, just back to civilization from Siberia and China, and possessed by an unusual inclination to rest awhile.

Thus he chanced to meet again the former owner of the Durango mine, of which he had been manager. Mr. Agnew was a serious and steady accumulator of capital, wealthy, influential, devoted to business; but he heartily enjoyed the society of Henry Raynor, and, being a shrewd judge of character, never attempted to play the patron.

The two men were seated in Agnew's house one evening, smoking and chatting, when Mr. Agnew said:

"I wanted to sound you as to the possibility of your getting into harness like others —for a good pecuniary consideration, of course."

"Tell me what sort of harness you meant for me," he said quietly.

"It is nothing pleasant I have to propose, unless its being profitable should make it so," he said slowly. "In fact, it has proved highly disagreeable to those we have so far employed. I suppose you know I am part owner in a silver mining venture in South America. Well, it has proved an elephant on our hands—valuable, but very hard to manage. We have expended £40,000 there already, and it speaks well for the mine that much of it has come back to us in spite of all disadvantages. The trouble is to find proper men to send out—not laborers; those are to be found on the spot, poor in quality but cheap and plentiful. What is wanted is a manager with knowledge, energy and determination. At first we had Follansbee (you remember him, I think). He died, poor fellow, in a most exasperating way, while three large vessels were lying in Puerto Santo Bay, and not half a ton of ore could be got down from the mountains. Then we sent out Robert Carter, who threw up his place and came home in less than a year; said he didn't want to die like a dog in the woods, among a lot of savages whose Spanish gibberish he couldn't understand, all stuff and nonsense, as you know; I was out there myself last year and it is not so bad."

"Where is this place?" asked Raynor, "and who is in charge now?"

"Piedras de Plata is several thousand feet above the sea, and 60 miles from the coast in Venezuela. The man now in charge is William Bradford a Cornishman, who, I fancy, thinks he is to rule the roost out there in the future, but his past record was too shady to permit of our trusting him. You see, we have had to take what we could get, so far, and this man knows his business. Now you can guess what we want. At present every pound of that ore has to be carried to the coast over a rugged mountain road on donkey —mule backs—and very mean backs they are, too; by George, it made me sick to see some of them. We have plenty capital and will build a railroad to Puerto Santo when once we have the mines under proper control—your control, for instance. I really don't want to mislead you, and I think it is no bad place to earn £3,000 sterling a year—clear gain every cent of it, for your expenses would be nil, and of course you would be master there, as we should trust you absolutely."

Raynor smiled and glanced quickly at his companion as he said: "My consideration of your offer will be greatly influenced by the fact that I am engaged to be married."

"Engaged! You? Bless my soul, I would as soon have expected to hear of the Wandering Jew's marriage!" exclaimed the other, with honest surprise.

"I have no doubt if that person existed he would be a very much married man," said the other. "I know no just cause or impediment why I should not enter the holy state of matrimony, and I have a very fair excuse for doing so."

"O, well, I suppose I must congratulate you, and consider my proposal declined."

"On the contrary, I may accept it for the sake of Miss Carew."

Silence fell on the two men for a space, unbroken by Mr. Agnew, because he saw the look of troubled thought on the other's handsome face. Raynor spoke at last, a tone of strong feeling in his voice.

"The girl I hope to marry has no property of her own, but lives with a wealthy aunt. I will not take my wife from a luxurious home to one of poverty or discomfort. My income, though I have made it supply all my wants, cannot provide what I want for her. Still I know a way to increase it if it can be diverted from my own needs for a year or two. In fact, I had no expectation of marrying in less time——" He paused an instant, but the habit of quick decision, acquired during a life in which hesitation and destruction were often synonymous, carried him on—"and so, if your company will be satisfied at my stipulating for a two years' engagement only, I will serve you for that time to the best of my ability."

"In two years you can put things in such good working order as to save us any further serious difficulty," said the other, with evident satisfaction; "for, on my word, Rayner, I believe that when you do buckle to anything you will make it a success, if anybody can."

Raynor only smiled in reply, and, rising, took up his hat and gloves. Even in the common-place action, something in his easy grace suggested elastic strength and freedom of motion, and roused Mr. Agnew to involuntary admiration.

"By George! You look strong and as supple as a tiger," he said.

"I am, I believe," said Raynor, laughing. "But I am not a blood-thirsty animal. Good-by."

Raynor's face was grave enough as he strode along the damp London streets, regardless of the icy wind blowing around him. His rapid steps soon brought him to the house he sought, and scarcely noticing the maid who opened the door and said: "Miss Carew will be down in a moment," he passed into the drawing room as one who knew himself welcome.

He had not much time for the musing that brought so softened a light to his eyes, so tender a curve to his firm lips, for a quick step crossed the hall, and Edith Carew, entering the room, came to his side —a slight girl with a proud look, perhaps because of the stately set of her finely molded neck and shoulders. She wore white cashmere, the lace at her throat held by a pearl pin; but princess as she was in appearance, only the spirit of a loving woman gazed out of the eyes she lifted to his in some surprise that he held her hand and looked at her so long in silence.

"My beautiful one, you will let me judge for us both, will you not?" he said at last. "What I have to say seems so hard, and your pure self can be such a temptation to cowardice if you choose."

A startled look came into the girl's face, but she answered gently: "You shall judge for us both in all things, dear; surely you can trust me not to make anything harder for you."

He drew a large chair forward for himself.

"Take your special seat, my lily, for I have much to say." She obeyed, and sat there long, making pitiful efforts to hide her grief as she listened to his plans for a separation that she thought so long and dangerous, but making no protest or denial, which she felt would be both useless and painful. He held and stroked her left hand, on whose third finger shone the diamond and ruby of his engagement ring.

In spite of her efforts for self-control, her voice was tremulous and her red lips quivered in a way ominous of a breakdown when she spoke. "I would not bind you by the strength of one of my own hairs against your will—but, oh, Henry, you cannot dream how I doubt and fear my own influence—my own power to give an enduring charm to a quiet life for you, who are so fond of roving and danger. Sometimes my very soul cries out the prayer that something may teach you to value above all the safety and peace of home."

"WHERE IS THIS PLACE?"

He was deeply moved, and his voice was musical with tenderness as he said: "My precious sweetheart, I don't think the prayer or tear can be wasted. If I need such a lesson doubtless I shall receive it, but you should remember that I never before had anyone to make home dear to me —any link to bind me to to the spot."

CHAPTER II.

The mighty wings of a condor seeking his native land would weary in their flight hence to the place where we next find Henry Raynor. Across the dark and stormy Atlantic Ocean to where the West Indies are scattered, jewels of the ocean, each a different phase of Eden-like beauty and verdure; across the Caribbean Sea, with its warm waves reflecting the opal of the glorious triple sky above it, and so on to the most solitary portion of the lonely Venezuelan coast, fringed with rocky islets that are the home of myriads of seabirds, to where, at the wide bay of Puerto Santo, the warf and storehouses of the English Mining company seem only to accentuate the scarcity of human life.

It is near sunset; work for the day is over, and he has climbed here to find, if possible, rest for a harassed mind in the calm loveliness of nature.

Standing thus, with the glow from the west shining on him, Raynor looked far worse than he did in England. It was not only that his dress was rough and careless; there was in the set of his lips and the glance of his eye a somber hardness much more suggestive of a dangerous enemy than a kind friend. He thought himself alone, but at the sound of a step behind him swung around with the air of one on his guard.

What he saw was harmless enough—an Indian girl dressed in the short red calico gown that is the usual and only garment of the female Indios mansos of Venezuela. He recognized her as one of those employed in boiling, grinding and baking Indian corn into arepa, a principle article of miners' food.

Poor Isidra was no beauty; there was nothing attractive about her unless it was the dumb look of trying to think in her sad, black eyes. She seemed now in an agony of uncertainty, but as Raynor stared at her in surprise, took two or three steps towards him, and said in Spanish, "Senor, take care of your life; beware of traitors," then vanished, like one of the timid, brown agoutis, in the bush.

Raynor smiled bitterly This was but one of several warnings—some, he believed, intended to frighten him; all so obscure that he would have understood his danger quite as well had he received none.

Raynor's house was of two stories; his sleeping room being up stairs, while his personal attendants slept below, where he also had his private office. In this office he found waiting for him a mild, sheepish-looking mulatto, who called himself an Englishman, because he was from Barbadoes. He was one of the overseers in the mine, and took off his hat respectfully on the manager's entrance.

"Do you want anything, Parker?" asked Raynor.

"Only the key of the storeroom, sir, to put in the blasting powder, as we didn't use it."

"Did not use it! How comes that?"

"Why, you see, sir, the men had just got to work, this morning, when Mr. Bradford came round, and he said it was no use wasting the company's time driving through the rock, and he sent the men to work on the new road."

Raynor turned very white and deliberate, as he was apt to do when very greatly angered.

"And so you took orders countermanding mine?"

"I thought you must have sent them, sir," said the fellow, looking scared and helpless.

"Go and tell Bradford to come to me at once," said Raynor, curtly, and the man went off.

Bradford came at last—open mutiny did not suit his purpose—a burly, broad-shouldered man, with heavy jaws, dark eyes, and close-cut crop of hair on his bullet head. He touched his hat sulkily, but did not remove it on entering.

"What induced you to countermand my orders regarding the west level?"

"It's no good, that drift; it'll never strike the lode."

"I asked a question, but not your opinion. Since you do not choose to answer, at least understand me clearly," said Raynor, with stern distinctness. "If you ever again disobey my orders in the smallest degree, or interfere with them, you shall form part of the cargo of whatever vessel may be loading at Puerto Santo at the time. You can go now."

Bradford stood silent a moment, all the murderous dislike in him at boiling point; but the cunning that had prevented his giving his superior any clear reason for his discharge was still dominant. He turned and walked away without saying anything.

The hard look on Raynor's face deepened as he watched the sturdy retreating form. Close observer as he was, he had not noted the covert sneer, the expression of derision and defiance on the man's coarse face.

For weeks past he had been living under a strain that would have broken down a weaker man, not the less hard to bear that while he felt danger closing around him it was with a shadowy menace he could not meet or resist. For some days past he had noticed a great increase of bold impudence, especially in Bradford, although to-day was the first time that his commands were openly set at naught, and he regarded it as a token that a long-brewing conspiracy was drawing to its end.

The man's look of stubborn disrespect had never before blossomed into action, and Raynor had been at a loss for anything he could specify as a reason for discharging from the company's service one whose thorough knowledge of mining was so useful to him. His last letter to England had been written a month before; no opportunity to forward another was at hand, for a vessel long due had not yet arrived.

Raynor ate his supper with an appetite that did credit to his nerve, then went up to his bedroom, and seating himself at an open window looked over a peaceful scene.

Raynor rose, fastened his window, lit his lamp, changed his boots for a pair of the noiseless sandpargatas worn by the natives, drew a sombrero low over his fair head, and, wrapping a large cobija around himself, locked the room behind him and emerged into the open air. He was bound on a trip that he had taken nightly for the past week, and uselessly so far, but it was a matter of the most extreme importance to him to escape from a cloud of suspicions by discovering something of his enemies' plans—of whence and where he must expect attack—and he had to defend himself as best he could, one against many.

He plunged at once into the forest-darkened road, where the winged crimson lights of the great curculio beetles alone illuminated the swaying shadows of the great trees. Walking with swift, silent strides, he soon reached the clearing, in which was the mining camp.

"FACE TO FACE AND HAND TO HAND."

Not wishing to be recognized, Raynor skirted the edge of the little town, barked at by more than one mongrel cur, and taken for a peon by the few people who noticed him, until he passed in under the projecting roof of thatch at the back of Bradford's house. This was much larger and better finished than the others. It was one of the outermost of the primitive structures, and the bushes grew up close behind it. Raynor was not at all likely to be seen as he moved cautiously along the cracked mud wall to the corner, and stopped just within the shadow beyond which the flames reddened the ground, and for the third time found his unamiable subordinate in conversation with other men.

But to-night he did not have to listen to mere idle talk. They spoke very low, but he was within three yards of them, and his hearing was keen. Indeed, the first words in Bradford's gruff undertone were enough to waken the acutest attention:

"—— no, I tell you. Things have come to a head. He's roused, and if I don't do something desperate, he will. He looked savage as a meat ax this evening."

"You are always putting off," said another voice, whose peculiar way of speaking English Raynor recognized as that of a yellow, worthless fellow he had meant to dismiss; "guess you're afraid to tackle him."

"I haven't put off, you fool. In time is the time, ain't it? Wait till I ask a boid chap like you to do the job for me!" raising his voice in ireful satire.

"Come, now, don't let us quarrel for nothing," spoke up a third person, a big Trinidad negro. "We must all hang together."

"No, we must'nt; they don't hang nobody in this happy land of liberty. Say, Mr. William, what makes you think time ripe now, especially?"

"I know it is," sinking his voice low again. "There's the ship Thetis expected every day, and if he sends on a letter abusing me to the company it may be all my goose. I must keep in with them, for this place is going to be the biggest sort of a concern, and I mean to be boss of it; so I must send on the next letter myself, saying that the most painful and distressing death of Mr. Raynor has compelled me to take charge, while I respectfully wait their further orders."

At this chuckle of satisfaction Raynor's hand rested on his revolver, and he drew a hard, deep breath, well nigh overcome by the intense temptation to take a step forward and send a bullet through the skull of the callous scoundrel who could sit there planning a murder as coolly as if it was a question of killing a goat for next day's dinner.

But Bradford did not guess his danger, and went on with comfortable tranquility:

"You and Reeves had better keep close together for the next day or two—I may want you to help handle him. You know the old shaft round the spur? Well, if Raynor should go too near there he might drop in, and the dreadful accident would rid us of him. Mind, what I expect of you and the other fellows is that you be all ready to back me if I want it. If I get into limbo of any sort get me out double quick, and I'll attend to the rest. He might try the first thing to-morrow to shut me up," or send me down the coast if he got a suspicion."

Raynor silently retired, and, passing once more unnoticed into the woods, regained his quiet room. He was sure now that the would not be attacked, but it was not that which made him feel somewhat relieved from the tense strain of the past week. Suspense and uncertainty were of all things most intolerable to him. Now that he knew in some degree what he had to expect he no longer seemed fighting in the dark.

As Raynor stood in deep thought for a few moments, the harsh, cynical expression of his face did not look like that of one likely to be a helpless victim, unpleasant thing to see as it was. Yet he looked quite cool as he blew out the light and threw himself on his cot bed, with a last thought that he would crush his enemy or be crushed by him before another night.

He was right, but the end came still sooner than he anticipated, and in a way he did not expect.

Owing to the many turns in the mountains and the dense forest covering them, the mining works of Piedras de Plata were out of sight both from the manager's house and the mining village, these having, perforce, been built on the most level ground that could be found. But by following eastward the road from the coast one soon came to a deep cleft in the hills, whose sides were disfigured by the slides of yellow earth that had been dumped out of the galleries and wells. Close at hand was a large shed, in which hung a sonorous bell, whose tones called the men together, announced the dinner hour and dismissed them in the evening. Here the glittering masses of silver lead ore were weighed and sacked for shipment, and here the manager met his people every morning to receive reports and give orders for the day.

CHAPTER III.

The ball was ringing the next morning when Raynor stepped out into the brilliant sunshine and fresh mountain air of a climate that is perpetual spring. There was besides the road a narrow path that led to the mines from his house, steep and rough, but shortening the distance a little; therefore, he generally used it. Both ways were equally solitary to-day, and Raynor had no intention of needlessly risking his life, so he stood for an instant, hat in hand, with the sunlight gilding his fair head and noble but rather grim looking face, considering the safety of taking either road alone; but he naturally drew the inference from the talk he had overheard the night before that he need not expect danger this morning. Moreover, it was necessary to his own plans that he should meet his men as usual. So after that brief pause he took the narrow path.

Perhaps Raynor's watchfulness of his surroundings made him more careless than usual where he placed his feet. Providentially for him he made a misstep on a gnarled root, and grasping at a sapling to save himself from falling, swung slightly around in the effort. The sudden movement saved his life, for the sharp crack of a rifle in the hands of a first-rate marksman, and at very close range, rang through the tranquil air, and the bullet cut the flesh off his arm.

Owing to his stumble, Raynor was almost facing his would-be murderer at the instant of the shot, and he saw the faint puff of smoke among the tree boles on the hillside above him. A few deer-like bounds brought him to the place—not before another bullet, less steadily aimed, whizzed past his ear. The whole thing was over in a flash of time. He was met by an uplifted arm brandishing a long knife. Catching the descending wrist with his left hand, with the other he grasped his assailant's throat.

Raynor's blood was bounding with a fiery joy at thus meeting at last, face to face and hand to hand, his long, secret and treacherous foe, even while frightfully conscious that he might in a second receive a stab in the back from one of the man's accomplices. The savage, dormant in him as in others, had free course now, and there was little room left to any feeling but the fierce delight of victorious battle. For although the two men were apparently equal in height and weight there was only a short, furiously desperate struggle against vastly superior strength and skill before Bradford lay on his back amid the pale pink and dark green ferns that carpeted the soil, Raynor's knee on his breast and his own knife in the victor's hand.

He looked up at his conqueror, and then, brave scoundrel although he was, a spasm of terror convulsed his dark features, for he read his doom in the ruthless, marble-hardened face, in the pitiless light of the stern gray eyes, and from the gasping chest came a piteous cry of "Mercy! Mercy! I'm down!"

"You have not left me free to afford you mercy—take justice!" came from between Raynor's tightly-closed white teeth, and the knife was buried to its hilt in the heart of the miserable wretch. A gurgling scream echoed through the dim seclusion of the woods, and Raynor, rising to his feet, looked gloomily down at the hideous distortion of the dying man's last agony, passing rapidly away into the calm of death. Then, turning, he went quickly on to the mines.

The men were all collected there as usual. They parted to right and left as the manager came among them, making way for him to a long table and two chairs in the middle of the shed. A silence fell at the swift glance with which he seemed to seek some person in the crowd—and found them—for his voice rang out in the tone of uncompromising command that had so often both overawed and enraged the worst of the gang.

"Pedro Reyes and Joseph Jones, take that board, and, with two other men, go along the short path until you see the body of Superintendent Bradford. Bring it here, and his rifle, also."

A loud murmur of surprise and dismay swept over the throng, then silence again as the multitude of faces, showing every shade from yellow to black and as many different expressions, turned curiously on the two men who, more livid and reluctant than any one there, stepped forward in obedience to the imperious order. They signaled two companions, and the four vanished up the path.

True to the character of the people and country, not a man was there who did not think a prudent reserve his proper course. Not a whisper was exchanged as they waited until the four bearers returned, carrying the stiffening frame that had so lately been a man, the horn handle of his own knife projecting from his breast. Raynor motioned them to place their burden on the table, and, standing beside it, his clear, cold voice once more was heard, giving "goose flesh" to more than one of those who pressed forward to gaze at the corpse.

"My men, I fancy from your looks you think I am going to give you some account of how this person met his death. You might as well expect him to sit up and tell you himself—perhaps he would say it was by a painful and distressing accident. Anyway, I consider his last wishes in giving the body into the charge of his friends Reyes and Jones. Not to throw it into the old shaft, however, left them call on some of the 'other fellows' whose help Mr. Bradford expected and give him a decent burial."

He paused an instant, reading cowed consternation in more than one dark face, a malicious amusement and comprehension in others, then went on in a tranquil, quietly haughty tone: "I know that many among you have had a grudge against me. If you are content to bury the ill-will in this man's grave, I shall be satisfied to forget it. Now, let us go on with the work as usual. I will assume Bradford's duties until I can get another assistant."

It was not before Raynor found himself alone, having gone home to dress the slight wound on his arm, that the inevitable reaction set in. Not until then did he perceive on his fingers a dull, red smear, and the idea struck him, with a curious thrill of horror, that it was on the very spot where Edith Carew's tear had fallen. That pure and lovely figure had been driven from his mind by the terrible thoughts of the past week, and its return seemed to bring with it at once his better nature and a great regret.

Raynor could never bear to tell his wife of that dark episode. It was the only shadow of reserve on the perfect confidence between them, and Edith Raynor wondered why her husband was so much graver a man than he had been before going to Venezuela.—*Overland Monthly.*

A War Incident.

"One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the late war," said Col. Mosby, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came crushing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on clean through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be —— if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'reb' into the Federal lines, and never came back."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Family Loyalty.

A Stevens avenue young lady was much pained and shocked as she walked down the street yesterday to see her young brother sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy, and raining down blows upon his struggling victim.

"Johnny," she almost screamed, "what are you doing? Come here this minute. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, fighting this way in the street?"

The boy reluctantly arose from his vanquished antagonist and faced his indignant sister. Then he explained:

"Well, I don't care. He said you wasn't good looking. I don't think you are either, but it ain't none of his funeral. So I licked him."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

He Took the Risk.

"Here, sonny, hold my horse," said a gentleman to a gamin as he alighted from a carriage on Washington street the other day.

"Has he had his oats terday, sir?" asked the boy as he hesitated.

"Had his oats? What has that to do with it?" inquired the gentleman in surprise.

"Well, yer see, sir, de last time I hung onto a hoss he eat de straw hat off me head an' I only got a nickel, and a lickin' when I got home. Put up a quarter an' I'll take de risk."

The boy got the quarter.—*Boston Herald.*

A Wrong Agreement.

"And you fought with your little playmate, did you, Harry, for no other reason than because he agreed with you? I am ashamed of you, my son."

"O, yes, he agreed with me! When I said our baby was the best lookin' one on this block he said, 'Y-a-as as it is!' When a boy agrees with me like that, I tell you, mamma, I'm a-goin' for him, you bet your life!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

What She Intends to Do.

Little Enid was discussing what she should do when she grew "a big woman," and lamenting that she was not talented.

"Even so," remarked her auntie, "you can do something. What do you think you will do?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the child gloomily. "I suppose I'll be the wife of some man."—*New York World.*

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Bright and Witty Ideas of Our Household Prattlers.

A BREAKFAST WITH THE SMALL GIRL.

Though professional duties leave very little time for social dissipation, duties had to bend this week to permit attendance upon a certain charming informal breakfast to which the Observer was bidden. It was given by the Small Girl, and its participants were limited to the select number of two. It is very funny to note the airs that small girls deem essential to the role of grown-up hostess, and one cannot help wondering, somewhat uneasily, where they found their models of affectation. It is a thousand wonders where the Small Girl found hers. By way of showing a becoming solicitude for the members of the hostess's family, due inquiries were made for the innumerable dolls that composed it.

"My children are all well but 'cept one," replied their smiling mamma. "She is in bed for making fun of her grandmother."

The repast, be it admitted, was not all it might have been, had the cook entered more generously into the spirit of the occasion, when the small entertainer made a raid on the pantry, but sweet suavity atoned for minor lapses in the *menu*. When all the courses were served, including some visible only to the eye of the imagination, and pressing duties threatened to call the guest away, the little hostess slipped from her chair and disappeared under the bed—the breakfast having been informally served in her *chambre a coucher*. That fanciful Small Girl! Whatever privation may sit at her board, she can never fail to add the embellishing touch. The "favors" with which she emerged as a "surprise" were what might have been expected. Graceful boutonnieres composed of three daisies, a saved-over pussy willow, and a refining haze of foliage grass. What could the parting guest do but take the boutonniere with thanks, and hug the hostess? It is at least half as good as being a child again, to keep close to childhood's heart.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE CRUSHED TEACHER.

A bright-eyed youngster who was in Sunday school for the first time in his life listened very attentively while the teacher was talking and then he said: "Do Dod hear like he sees?"

"Yes, just the same."

"Tan he hear me if I whisper?" persisted the child.

"Yes, he can hear you even if you whisper."

"Do Dod hear me now?" whispered he.

"Yes, my dear, just as if you had talked out loud."

"Tan he hear me now?" whispered the little fellow again, very softly.

"Yes, just the same."

He then moved his lips without making any perceptible sound and again inquired: "Did Dod hear me then?"

"Yes, God heard you then."

"No, he didn't needer, tause I didn't say nuffin'," and the little lad chuckled merrily, as though he enjoyed the teacher's momentary discomfiture.

A LITTLE FAMILY MATTER.

It was on a West Side street car and a little four-year-old was talking with her uncle who sat opposite.

She—Uncle, have you the big dog yet?

Uncle—Yes. You must come down and see him.

She—I am just as soon as I can.

Uncle—You must get your papa to buy you a dog like mine.

She—I asked him to, and he said he couldn't, but he was going to buy me a baby brother, right away.

Every one in the car laughed and the mother's face was rosy.—*Albany Journal.*

AN INDEPENDENT OPINION.

Grandma had taught our "two-year-old" to answer a great many Bible questions and was fond of "showing him off." On one of these occasions she asked him: "Who was put in the lion's den?"

"Daniel," was the prompt answer.

"Did the lions eat Daniel?"

"No."

"Why?" The answer should have been: "Because God shut their mouths," but the little fellow reflected a minute and then said:

"I dess Daniel wasn't dood to eat."—*Detroit Tribune.*

A DIFFERENCE.

One Sunday this same little boy was playing with his alphabet blocks, and grandma said: "Didn't you know it was wicked to pile blocks on Sunday?"

The little fellow, quite unconscious of his wit, replied: "I ain't piling 'em on Sunday, I'm piling 'em on the floor."—*Detroit Tribune.*

THE USUAL CONDITIONS.

Mamma—"Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?"

Bobby—"Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

HISTORICAL.

Once, while examining a class of little boys, the late George Evans asked: "What was the character of George IV?" No response. He tried to simplify the question—still no reply. At length he came to one small boy nearly at the bottom of the class, who was all eagerness, as though he was afraid lest the answer he knew so well might be taken from him. "Well, my little man, what have you to say of George IV?" "Oh, please, sir, I know. Please, sir, he was given to immortality and vice." "Right to a 't,'" said the examiner, "go up."

WASHINGTON'S ABIDING PLACE.

Teacher (to historical class)—Where did George Washington live after he retired from public life?

No one seemed to know.

Teacher—Was it at Washington or Mount Vernon?

Still no reply.

Teacher—Come, children; some of you must know.

Smallest Scholar—I know, teacher; he lived in the hearts of his countrymen.—*Harper's Young People.*

DECISION AFTER REFLECTION.

Little Girl—If I should die and go to heaven, would I have wings?

Mamma—Yes, my pet; and a crown and a harp.

Little Girl—And candy?

Mamma—No.

Little Girl (after meditation)—Well, I'm glad we've got a good doctor.

AN ADVANTAGE.

Merritt—If you keep on, Johnnie, you will soon know as much as your teacher.

Little Johnnie—I'd know as much now if I had the book before me like she does."—*Harper's Bazar.*

STICKING TO THE POINT.

A gentleman in this town had a very bright but droll little boy. The other day the little fellow feigned sleep. His father came in and shook him gently. He remained immobile and silent. He shook him harder and more than once called a sleeping person. No movement; no noise. The boy thought he was acting natural. The father threw a drop of water in his face. Not a wince. He emptied a pitcher. Not a twitch. He threw him on a bed. The boy slept on. Soon his mother asked him why he said nothing when his father shook him.

"Tos I was asleep," he answered.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Captain and Black Donald.

An incident which recalls one in the famous story of the Hidden Hand is now located in Philadelphia. A lady of that city, standing late at night before her mirror, saw in it the reflection of a man under the bed. The house door-key lay on her bureau as usual. Carelessly picking it up, she seated herself by an open window until a policeman passed under it. She dropped the key in front of him, at the same time quietly signifying her meaning. He came up stairs, and sure enough there a brutal-looking fellow was, who was promptly nabbed. Then, the lady being safe, her presence of mind gave out, she fell into a faint, and the next call was for a doctor.—*Washington Post.*

Novel Industry.

There is a woman in a West of England town who makes a good living by killing cats. She advertises that if people who are about to go away for the summer will send their cats to her, she will kill them with chloroform.

Too Much.

"I don't like my Sunday-school teacher," said the small boy at the dinner table. "Why not?" inquired the head of the house. "Because he is so all-fired pious."—*Congregationalist.*

JULY.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

A RHYTHM of reapers; a flashing
Of steels in the meadows; a lashing
Of sheaves in the wheatlands; a glitter
Of grain-builded streets; and a twitter
Of birds in a motionless sky—
And that is July!

A rustle of corn-leaves; a tinkle
Of bells on the hills; a twinkle
Of sheep in the lowlands; a bevy
Of bees where the clover is heavy;
A butterfly blundering by—
And that is July!

NIGHT.

A moon-flooded prairie; a straying
Of leal-hearted lovers; a baying
Of far-away watch dogs; a dreaming
Of brown-fisted farmers; a gleaming
Of fireflies edaying nigh—
And that is July!

A babble of brooks that deliver
Their flower-purpled waves to the river;
A moan in the marshes; in thickets,
A dolorous droning of crickets,
Attuned to a whippoorwill's cry—
And that is July!

THE QUAKER CITY'S SOLOMON.

Rough-and-Ready Decisions That Suggest the Wisdom of Gotham's Little Judge.

"She has a right to 'sass' her husband."

"A man who has lived for six years with a woman who has a tongue like a bell-clapper has had a full share of punishment."

The Solomon who utters these decisions, which have a smattering of common sense if not of law, is big, bluff, Magistrate Bob Smith. His correct name is Robert R. Smith, but he is addressed by his full name only by utter strangers. From one end of the city to the other he is known as "Bob."

"Bob doesn't care so much for the law, but he goes in for justice. The place for him is in the Common Pleas or in the Supreme court. We want less law and more justice in these days, and that's just where he's strong," said one of the habitues of police headquarters yesterday.

This opinion is shared by all the frequenters of Fifth and Chestnut streets, and this year adds to the lustre which the upright Justice's decisions have given to the Central Station ermine. He has been holding court there on an off for nearly fifteen years, and previous to that he disguised even handed justice as an Alderman. No magistrate is so well known in Philadelphia, and the fame of his decisions and judicial utterances has been carried to distant states. The magistrate is of sturdy frame, with a ruddy face and bright eyes, and he speaks in a sharp, off-hand way that carries terror to the evildoer. He has passed the half century mark by several years, but carries his age with a careless, easy grace, and still delights in red neckties and buttonhole bouquets.

The especial antipathy of the judge is a wife beater, or a husband who has in other ways been remiss in his marital relations. His language to such offenders is severe. "You big, lubbing brute," he said to one of these creatures a while ago, "it's a pity the whipping post was ever abolished. Fellows like you ought to be tied up and lashed."

The justice is an ardent advocate of the restoration of the whipping post for certain offences committed by men, and it has been said that he also favors a return to the ducking stool as a method of punishment for women of unruly tongues. He looks upon a common scold as being almost as bad as a wife beater.

"Now shut up and get out of here, all of you!" he has sometimes to say when a lot of wrangling women get to squabbling and bandying words in the sacred precincts of his court. "I've heard all I want to from you. Skip now or I'll put you all under bail."

But the most recent decisions of the magistrate have won for him the undying love of womanhood. He has decided that it is a woman's right to "sass" her husband. The occasion of this queer decision arose from a suit brought by an up-town woman against her husband.

"He beat me until I was black and blue," the woman testified.

"What do you do that for, you brute?" said the justice.

"She sassed me," replied the husband.

"Well, a woman has a right to sass her husband," retorted Justice Smith. "Find $1,000 bail. Madame, you go home and leave this fellow to me."

The ink had scarcely dried on the decision in this case when another attracted the attention of the justice. A woman with rather lively tongue appeared against a man she called her husband. The fellow was as meek as Moses and about twenty-five years older than the woman. She started off with her story at a 180-words-a-minute gait.

"Hold on!" cried the magistrate.

"He's a beast," said the woman.

"How long have you been married to that tongue?" asked the justice.

"Six years," replied his meekness in the dock.

"You've been punished enough. Open the gate and let him go," said Smith.

If there is one point more than another upon which the justice prides himself it is his memory of the faces of criminals and others who have stood before him at the bar of justice.

"How long since you served time?" he thunders at a culprit whom he thinks he has seen before in his court.

"Why, judge, I never served time," the trembling wretch answers, in all probability.

"Hold up your 'forks'" (the criminals' slang for hands).

Taken by surprise, the prisoner often holds up his hands, showing conclusively that he understans the jargon and is in all probability a criminal. The crooked class all fear the justice, and would sooner meet a caged lion. He can address hundreds of them by their first names, and when he does not know it he frequently pretends to in a spirit of pleasantry.

Beginning life as a machinist, Judge Smith in these later years has turned his attention to agriculture, and is famous as a gentleman farmer at North Wales, on the North Penn railroad. He carries into farming the same direct methods that have distinguished him as a justice, and sometimes uses his knowledge of farming with great effect in his court.

"So you are a farm hand, are you?" he has been known to say to some unfortunate brought before him at Fifth and Chestnut streets, and who has given that as his occupation. "Well, now, how would you irrigate a field of ruta bagas?"

This generally has the effect of breaking up the supposed farm hand, and the judge smiles triumphantly to Clerk Moffett at his unmasking of such deception.—*Philadelphia Record.*

It Might Have Been.

"Your time has come," said a physician, speaking to an old Georgian who lay stretched out on a bed.

"Air you shore, doc?"

"Yes."

"Ain't no chance fur you ter be wrong, is thar?"

"None, whatever. You'll be dead by sundown."

"Shore 'nuff, now?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Doc, you ain't trying ter git off a joke on me, air you?"

"No, I never joke a dying man."

"Well, then, I reckon I'm gone, but I wush I'd knowed it a week ago."

"Think you would have been better prepared?"

"Yep, a heap better."

"It is not too late to pray, if that will do you any good."

"I don't keer nothin about that, but ef I'd a knowed last week what I know now, w'y I wouldenter bought that roan hoss. I'd a tuck the money an' had some fun with it. Coulder had a rattlin' time on that forty dollars. Coulder bought licker enough ter scalded a hog in. That's the way with this here world. A man never knows nuthin' till it's too late."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Not a Desirable Husband.

He had declared his passion and was feverishly awaiting her reply.

"Mr. Samson," she said, and her voice sounded like a knell, the letter which you so kindly offered to post for me two weeks ago to-night has never reached its destination. Farewell."—*Hyer's Bazaar.*

BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

HIS BROOKLYN EAGLE LETTER.

He Discusses Several Topics in His Own Peculiar Way, for the Edification of the Public.

HOW LITTLE THE DOCTOR KNOWS ABOUT IT.

"Medical Classics" says a glass of good whisky or brandy taken after supper is a good thing to correct wakefulness. Doctor, come off. Why there are plenty of laymen who can tell you that whisky is one of the wakinest things that mortal man can introduce into his stomach. Proper quantities of it, taken at injudicious intervals, have been known to keep half the people in a hotel, including those who were trying their hardest to go asleep, awake until 3 o'clock in the morning. Next thing you know some medical paper will try to make us believe that poison ivy is good for freckles.

HOW WOULD THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT DO?

"Parson," said the good young

Recent Literature.

BOTH ROMANCE AND SCIENCE.

Education in the United States—Stellar Evolution, and Its Relations to Geological Time—Captain Kiddle—Some Pamphlets—July Magazines—Literary Notes.

In the International Education Series, edited by W. T. Harris, L. L. D., and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "Education in the United States," by Richard G. Boone, A. M. It is further described upon the title page as "Its History from the Earliest Settlements." It is pronounced by the editor, whose judgment is one to be taken as valuable and accurate, the first noteworthy attempt at a general history of education in the United States. It begins with the schools of the colonial period, which includes a description of what the author calls the Earliest American Schools, and the Colonial Colleges, and concludes with the history of the Colonial School System. The second part is the Revolutionary period, which includes chapters upon Elementary Education and one upon Academies and Colleges. The third part is called "The Period of Reorganization," and follows the changes and improvements, which have been made in educational matters in a general way down to the present. The fourth and last part treats of Current Educational Interests. It includes as subjects "Compulsory School Attendance;" "The Gradation of Schools;" "Education in the South;" "The Higher Education of Women;" with a short concluding chapter.

The work is a very valuable one, and will be especially interesting to educators.

"Stellar Evolution and Its Relations to Geological Time" by James Croll, L. L. D., is also issued by the Appletons. Two other works which have won considerable popularity by the same author are "Climate and Time in Their Geological Relations" and "Discussions of Climate and Cosmology." The object of the present volume is to prove that the source from which the energy of our solar system is derived is not gravitation, but that it was stored up in the form of motion of stellar masses, that it was transformed into heat by the collision of two of these masses and that thus the sun and probably all of the heavenly bodies which we know of was thus formed. It is a very ingenious and interesting theory and is well worth looking into. The style is pleasing.

"Captain Kiddle," by A. M. Fleming, author of "Joe Bowers," etc., is published by John B. Alden, New York. It is a story of exciting adventure, beginning with a cruise in the "Boreas," during which the ship is frozen in, shipwrecked, the crew starved and meeting with all sorts of perils. It is an unhealthy book, and if intended for boys, it is to be hoped that it will not have a large circulation.

G. W. Dillingham, New York, issues a work by a lady of Louisiana, entitled "Clip Her Wing; or, Let Her Soar." The first chapter introduces the heroine, a fair young girl of aristocratic parentage, and the hero a manly boy in a lower station of society. They have played together as brother and sister for years, but now the proud father of the girl discovers that it is wisdom to remove his child from this companionship, and has decided to send her away to boarding school, to be absent three years. They boy, who is old enough to know that he loves his young playmate, is stung to the quick by this separation, the motive of which he understands, and he vows to win a position that shall make the proud father glad to take him by the hand. How he carries out his resolution and what comes of it is disclosed in the chapters following.

The same publisher also issues two novels in pamphlet form: "Deborah Danth," the author's name being withheld. It is an English story, the scene being laid in London. The second is entitled "His Wife or His Widow?" by Marie Walsh, the author of "Hazel Kirke." Price of each, 50 cents.

A very pretty musical gem is that entitled "Christmas by de Tennessee," the words being in the peculiar dialect common to the negro melodies that have been such favorites with the general public. The words are by Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, who is the author of many beautiful poems that have won for her literary recognition. The music is by William O. Pierce, and is a bright sparkling melody. The song is dedicated to Hon. Murat Halsted. Published by the authors, Winchester, Indiana.

Literary Notes.

Walter Besant's first book was published twenty years ago.

Alphonso Daudet's "Mes Douleurs," which promises to be an extremely personal book, will soon be published.

Marian Harland will edit her magazine from her summer home at Pompton, N. J.

The novel which Lady Colin Campbell has finished, deals with political and journalistic life in London.

Dr. Crawford, of Cincinnati, author of the Kalevala translation, goes to St. Petersburg as Consul-General.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's summer will be spent at her home in South Berwick, Me., writing for the magazines.

Charles Dudley Warner's new work, "Studies in the South and West," has just been published by the Harpers. One of the chapters is on the Canadians.

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall and Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott are about to write a "Life of Laura Bridgman," thus carrying out Dr. Howe's intention.

The mother of the lady whom Prof. James Bryce is about to marry (Miss Marion Ashton, of Manchester) was an American woman, whose home before her marriage had been in Boston.

Early in October Roberts Brothers will publish the only life of Miss Alcott authorized by her family under the title, "Louisa May Alcott; Her Life, Letters and Journals."

Edgar Fawcett will pass his time in the Catskills breaking the ground for a new novel, and working at an adaptation of a work from the German for Augustin Daly.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston, has made a German translation of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published it.

Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose first volume of poems, "A Branch of May," was published two years ago, lives in Baltimore and is said to be petite, pale and demure, and is known among her New York friends as "The Baltimore Oriole."

James Dwight, M. D., will contribute to the August *Scribner's* a study of "Form in Lawn Tennis," based on a series of instantaneous photographs of the best players at work, showing the exact position taken in making all the principal strokes.

On his return from Europe in the autumn Mr. Lowell expects to live at Elmwood, the family homestead in Cambridge, and the only daughter, Mrs. Burnett, will live with him, as she desires to be near her two sons, who are at Harvard.

By a convention between the German embassy and the municipality, the latter undertakes to provide that the tombs of Keats and Severn, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, shall be preserved in their present position, a large space being railed off and ornamented with trees.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton has suddenly lost his oldest son, Richard Edward Hamerton, whose death occurred in Paris, where he had long been a student, and at the time of his death held a chair of English literature in the University of France.

Santa Claus, the new periodical to be published in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto and London, in its prospectus says that its standard is "A text that will be understood by the quite young readers, yet so dignified in style and so interesting in matter as to be enjoyed by children of all ages and by the family."

"The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by her son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, is now passing through the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., and will be given to the public early in the autumn. It will be a book of peculiar personal and literary interest, and will appeal to a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be a handsome volume, embellished with fine portraits and other illustrations, and will be sold by subscription.

A book which describes the Western Highlands and islands of Scotland as they are not described in Scottish novels and Scottish song, and as they have seldom been seen by the ordinary traveler—"Our Journey to the Hebrides," by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with illustrations—will be published at once by Harper & Brothers. The authors used the account of a somewhat similar trip by Boswell and Johnson in place of a guide book.

TANNER'S LETTERS.

Some Idea of the Immense Amount of Work in the Pension Office.

I was conversing with a friend who had worked in the Pension office at Washington to-day, and he said: "Commissioner Tanner says he gets 12,000 letters every day, and I don't doubt it. Did you ever think of the fact that if he had to open them and take them out of the envelopes himself, and if he could open four every minute, and if he worked at it continuously for six hours every day, it would take him more than a whole week, including Sunday, to open one day's mail? In the meanwhile, 84,000 more letters would arrive. If it would take one hour and a quarter to answer each of these letters, he would have to work 15,000 hours, or 2,500 days of six hours each to answer them. Of course he doesn't have to handle this immense mail himself. But he has only 1,500 clerks in his entire bureau, and if they were all put to work answering these letters, and doing nothing else, they would have to work ten hours, or nearly two days each, to answer one day's letters. In view of these facts, and in view of the further fact that there are in the bureau 250,000 unadjudicated original claims and 70,000 unadjudicated claims for increase, it will be seen how little chance there must be of influencing the commissioner by letter. The newspapers give us from time to time the touching story about the innocent little girl who wrote, directed and mailed a letter to 'God, in Heaven.' But that little girl was a hoary-headed sage compared with the man who forwards to the commissioner an application for an appointment, accompanied with weighty recommendations. For the newspaper story concludes with the information that the kind-hearted postmaster opened the little girl's letter and gave her what she wanted from God. But no one will ever do that for the correspondents of the commissioner."—*Chicago Journal.*

A UNIQUE PEON CUSTOM.

The Female Descendants of the Aztecs Wear a Mud Crown.

"Among the most curious people of this continent," remarked John Olendorff in a San Francisco hotel, "are the native peons of Mexico, and when you look at the female portion of this unaccountable race, you get a curious representation that makes you pause with wonder.

"Living on the borders of Arizona and Mexico, as I have for nine years past, I have had a good opportunity to see many things that most transient people would pass by unnoticed. The longer I stay the more I am impressed with the unaccountable ways of the descendants of the Aztecs. The society 'lady' of the peons, if I may speak of her as such, has a way of doing up her back hair that I have never seen duplicated anywhere.

"It is no less than to put a great clay crown on the top of her cranium, in which the hair is matted, like pigs' bristles, in plaster. This crown reaches up say 8 or 9 inches and looks like a great plaster cone. It serves a double purpose. Not only is it worn at evening parties, but throughout the day. Indeed, the primary object of the mud cone was to preserve the head from the intense heat of the southern sun. Now, however, it is worn at evening balls, and the 'lady' thinks herself overdressed and unpositively good form unless she has her novel crown on. The hair is matted and twisted and coiled all around in it, and it may be depended on that it cannot come loose and come tumbling down and cause her any embarassment in company. The longer a cone is worn the harder it gets, and when it has reached the age of a month, as it usually reaches that, and would have to be smashed to pieces with a sledge if there were no other way discovered. This, however, happily, is the case.

"The old Aztecs invented, and the secret has been perpetuated in the race, a peculiar solution compounded from wild plants which knocks the plaster topknot to smithereens. It takes some time to do it, however."

COAXING A MAN

To Propose Marriage—A Hint to the Girls.

An elderly man was telling a group of giddy young girls the other day how he proposed to his wife when he was a young man. She was sewing at the time, he said, or he never would have had the courage to do it. If girls would sew more he thinks they would have more matrimonial chances. Sewing he considers the best accomplishment that a woman can have. A woman engaged with a needle has a domestic, homelike air that is irresistible to a man who loves her. It is a picture of what she would be in her own home, and makes him long for that it should be his also. How can a man propose to a girl who sits straight up in her chair staring hard at him with a pair of bright eyes? But when she is bending gracefully over a bit of plain or fancy sewing, apparently absorbed in counting the stitches, and the arrows of her eyes are sheathed for a few minutes, he plucks up courage and offers her his heart and hand. The average young man is bashful in such affairs, though bold enough at other times, and needs encouragement and opportunities. What sort of encouragement is a pair of bright eyes staring into his, watching his embarassment? Listen to the advice of an old man, who has been all through it; drop your eyes and give the young man a chance. Remember this, girls, when the favorite young man drops in to pass an evening call; get out your bit of fancy work and look domestic, and with every stitch of your needle you will bind his heart more firmly to your own.

PLANETS IN JULY.

Where They May Be Found by the Amateur Astronomer.

For those amateur astronomers who take an interest in the heavenly bodies, it may be stated that during the month of July the great planet Jupiter may be seen just after twilight as a prominent object in the southern sky. Venus will be a morning star, rising at the beginning of the month about 1:30 in the morning. Those keeping late hours and returning in the early morning of the 23d, will find this planet in close company with the waning moon, presenting a charming object.

Saturn is getting very near the sun and follows him so soon after sunset that he will be difficult for observation. With the exception of Uranus (which is too small an object to be seen without a telescope) the other planets rise late and keep Venus company to welcome the break of day, slowly fading in the brilliant hues as old Sol, in all its glory, rises to take possession of a midsummer day.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Rather Thick Skins.

The whale, which belongs to the mammalia, no doubt holds the palm for thickness of skin. At some parts of the body the skin is only two inches thick, but in many places its pelt is fully two feet in thickness. The skin of the whale is the substance usually known as blubber, and in a large specimen will weigh altogether more than 30 tons. The distinction of being the thickest-skinned quadruped belongs to the Indian rhinoceros, whose hide has a knotty or granulated surface, and is so impenetrable as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket. So stiff and hard is this skin that were it not divided by cresses or fold the animal imprisoned in its armor could scarcely move. It is manufactured into leather of great strength and durability, and targets and shields are made of it that are absolutely proof against darts or sword strokes. The skin of the hippopotamus runs that of the rhinoceros very closely as regards thickness. When dried it is also used for shields, which are highly prized by the natives.—*Chicago Herald.*

Quite Unconcerned.

Popjuay—"Blobson is the most unconcerned man I ever knew."

Dumpsey—"How so?"

Popjuay—"Why, the other day I stopped at his house during a thunder storm. Pretty soon he drove into the yard, and just as he jumped out of the buggy the lightning struck his horse and killed it as dead as a door nail. What do you suppose that man said? Why, he strolled up to the piazza steps, scraped his feet on the scraper, and says he: 'That was a piaguey lucky thing, Popiujay. I always did hate to unharness in the rain.'"—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Paris Exposition.

The paid entrances to the Paris Exhibition during the month of May were 2,208,000, as compared with 1,269,000 in May of 1878. In the first half of June they have been 2,002,000, as compared with 1,104,000. Thirty million tickets have been issued, so there are still nearly 26,000,000 to be utilized, if possible, in four months. The price has for the last fortnight been 50 centimes, or 10 cents.

A RURAL SENSATION.

[Detroit Sunday News.]

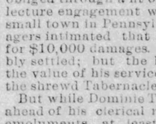
De Cadillac—"Why do you start away? What have I done?"
Miss Jeffersonian—"Nothing, Henry, but—"
"But what?"
"But I think—I think some horrid crawling thing has got down my back."

DR. TALMAGE'S INCOME

IT IS ABOUT $50,000 A YEAR.

How It Is Made Up—Splendid Incomes of New York Ministers—Beecher's $20,000 Eclipsed.

Brooklyn Daily Times.



OES Pastor Talmage play the banjo?" "Well, that's an odd thing to ask. No; he he has various means of amusing himself, but he doesn't tease the banjo strings, so far as I have heard, nor is he likely to. It would be a trifle undignified for a fashionable clergyman with an income of $50,000 a year to be found on his back stoop of a summer evening picking out plantation airs on a $10 banjo, wouldn't it?"

The speaker was a gentlemsn who has for several years past held very close relations, clerical and otherwise, with the famous Brooklyn preacher.

"Has Dr. Talmage, then, a private fortune which gives him so large an income?" was asked.

"Not a bit. He earns it ever year. And I don't believe that any of the up-town New York churches can show anything like it. The Tabernacle folks give him a salary of $12,000 nominally, but he does not get so much. He probably gets about $10,000 from that source. Then his lectures net him $250 each, and he delivers a great many every season. Just now he is engaged the entire season ahead. Fifty lectures a year would make $12,500, but he averages more than that. Then his sermons are syndicated and there is a profit of at least $5,000 from that source. The sermons and lectures are bound and sold in book form, and from that quarter, owing to their extensive circulation here and in England, he gets between $10,000 and $15,000 a year. He is editor of a weekly paper and has a handsome salary, too, the duties being largely nominal. Then he is not an infrequent contributor to the weekly or monthly press, and, of course, his name commands a good figure for any article he writes. Yes, $50,000 is the closest estimate we can place on his income. His lectures on 'The Marriage Ring' and other sensational topics have brought and are still bringing him a great deal of money. Altogether, he is probably the most liberally rewarded clergyman in this hemisphere, if not on the globe, at the present time. Other things contribute to occupy his time. His duties as chapain of the Thirteenth regiment, the crack corps of the City of Churches, brings him a sort of éclat. On parade days there is no more observed equestrian than the Tabernacle pastor as he rambles along on his well-groomed horse, a pleasant expression on his face, and his side whiskers waving in the soft summer wind."

The secret of the whole matter is that the "Dominie," as his people usually call him, is a shrewd man of business. He carries the newspaper instinct into the pulpit and loves to tingle the nerves of his audience. He is eloquent and forgotten by turns, and hammers away with all the vim and pregnant vocabulary of a first-class reporter, whether his target be the concert halls, the beer gardens, the wicked variety shows, the stage itself or the very latest scandal or disaster. He recognizes the fact that the old-fashioned Knickerbocker sermon has become obsolete, and that people want even their theology in an entertaining form. Quite lately he was obliged through ill health to break a lecture engagement with a society in a small town in Pennsylvania, and the managers intimated that they would sue him for $10,000 damages. The suit was amicably settled; but the hint furnished as to the value of his services was not lost upon the shrewd Tabernacle preacher.

But while Dominie Talmage stands easily ahead of his clerical rivals in the race for emoluments, at least, there are enough splendid prizes to be won in New York to make it the El Dorado of the pulpiteer, as it has long been of the politician and merchant. Some of the fashionable pastors have incomes equal to that of the President of the United States, and there are many who would hesitate at exchanging their salaries and perquisites for those of a Cabinet officer. Less than ten years ago there was a general shrug of surprise when it was announced that Mr. Beecher had an income of fully $20,000 a year from his pulpit, his books and lectures combined. To-day, when fashion sets the boundaries of ministerial success or failure, as in many other things, there are probably a round dozen preachers who come very near if not quite up to the Plymouth pastor's high water mark.

What a Porterhouse Steak Is.

Very few people who sit down to a good breakfast of "porterhouse" steak could tell, were they asked, what part of a bullock this choice tidbit is cut from. The "porterhouse" is that portion of the beef either side of the spine beginning where the ribs end and extending along to where the hip bone begins. The tenderloin should form a part of the porterhouse. This is a narrow strip of succulent and tender flesh extending along and protecting the inner sides of the spinal column. Its high price is due to its choice quality, and the fact that even in the largest bullocks there are not above ten to twelve pounds of tenderloins. The term "porterhouse" is of English derivation, and it has no equivalent in either the German or French language, while tenderloin, on the other hand, is known among the Germans as "lummel" and "fillet," by which latter name it is also known among the French. The term "porterhouse" probably originated from the eating-houses and inns of England, also known as porter and ale houses. A customary order was: "Give me a porter and steak," and in time the name "porterhouse" probably was applied to the choice pieces of steak as distinguished from the more ordinary kinds.

FOR SUNSTROKE
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. A. L. ZURKER, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

To Tell Them Apart.

"Speakin' of twins," said old man Chumpins, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike to their dyin' day. Lem didn't have any teeth and his brother Dave did, but they looked precisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Lem's mouth, and if he bit yer 'twas Dave."

Ascending the Eiffel Tower.

About 30,000 people a day go up the Eiffel Tower. Of these between 3,000 and 4,000 go to the top. On an average a person has to wait about an hour to go up in the lift.

The Bottom of the Sea
Yields no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable dentrifrice, the fragrant SOZODONT. Nor is coral rosier than the gums in which such teeth are set. So say the ladies, who are the best judges in such matters.

MAKING OLD MEN YOUNG.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, the Eminent Physiologist, Discovers the Secret.

Those who talk about the superior wisdom of old age as worth its price, who pretend to exchange with cheerfulness the rash and foolish things of youth for the aching joints of advanced life, merely try to make the best of a bad bargain. They would rather stay young and be rash and foolish. Well, they can, unless Dr. Brown-Sequard has made a mistake. This eminent phisiologist has never been rated as visionary. He is one of the most revered members of every scientific society in the world. When he says he has discovered the art, not of growing old gracefully, but not growing old at all, he deserves attention. Especially when he claims to have tested his discovery with success on himself.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is 72 years old, and as all the medical world knows he has been shelved for several years as a worn-out machine. There was great surprise, therefore, at the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine when he walked briskly to the platform and in a clear voice and with bright clear eyes under his white eyebrows read a long paper on rejuvenation. It had long been his idea that if the active principles of life in the tissues could be obtained from young [illegible] and injected into youth could be restored, or at least the body could be much invigorated. Th transfusion of blood he dismissed as impracticable or dangerous. He devised a new method, which is described thus in a French newspaper:

"He has taken particles from certain special organs of living animals—young pigs and young dogs (for the youth of the organs is indispensable); he has triturated these still palpitating particles in a mortar, immersed them in distilled water, and obtained a liquid containing the essential elements of the tissues. A few drops of this liquid he has injected under the skin with an ordinary hypodermic syringe."

The 15th of last month he used the rejuvenating liquid once, and the next day twice. He soon felt himself transformed. He did not, like the old man of Dr. Dollfiver's romance, take on the appearance of youth, but he dropped ten years from his age. Before, he had no work in his laboratory was beyond his strength; now three hours of the severest application leaves no fatigue. For the first time in years his sleep is tranquil and restful; his appetite is returned, and his stomach has recovered its former functions; his intellectual work is done with greater facility and clearness than for many years, while his weight and strength have increased. "Let us see designs on gentlemanly quiet!"

A comfortable old age, according to Sydney Smith, means having about seven distinct diseases, and being grateful because none of them are quite fatal. If the Parisian journalists are not trifling with us in this matter, the academy of Medicine, at first disposed to ridicule Brown-Sequard, is convinced that the fountain of eternal youth, which lured Ponce de Leon to the malarial everglades of Florida, is soon to flow for all.

BORROWED AN OVERCOAT.

A Recent Anecdote of Gen. Sherman and a Hotel Clerk.

The other night Gen. Sherman went up to the Broadway theater, says the *World*, to enjoy Francis Wilson's merry making in the comic opera of "The Oolah." There was a clear sky when the general went in, but before the performance was over it began to rain and the temperature became raw and cold. At the end of the second act he went into the Gedney House, a few doors below the theater, and inquired of Clerk Majilton if he could hire an umbrella, at the same time explaining that he had been caught out in his evening suit and he feared rheumatism and other complaints. Majilton didn't know him, but he thought he could well afford to take chances on such an eminently respectable looking gentleman, and although the polite clerk has a rotund figure and weighs about 212, he gladly offered to loan him his overcoat as well as his silver handled umbrella.

"But," said the general, "you are lending these things to an entire stranger, and you ought to accept some kind of a deposit to secure you against dishonesty."

"Oh, that's all right, colonel," replied Majilton, as he tossed a key gracefully to Louis Harrison. "I can't be deceived by you. I'd trust that face of yours for anything."

The warrior was tickled by the compliment, and he remarked casually as he went out with his tall, gaunt form enveloped in the garment that fitted him like a mealsack. "I'll take you at your word, and you shall have my card when I return these things."

The next day the coat and umbrella arrived, accompanied by a note of thanks and a photograph of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, with his autograph across its face. "Great Scott!" said Majilton, "and I called him 'colonel,' just as if he had been any ordinary American citizen. I wouldn't mind it half so much if I had called him 'judge,' but to be reduced in military rank after all his years of service—and by a hotel clerk! It's awful!"

Advice to Bride and Groom.

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly never, even in jest, to wrangle with each other, whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually and every moment see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely.

And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacy of your house, married state, and heart from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two.

Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your accounts in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. In many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than, alas! they are now.—*New York Mail.*

Departed Glory.

The site of the Palace of the Tuileries was thrown open recently as a public garden. There is no longer a vestige of the old building visible. All the inclosures, both on the sides of the Palace du Carrousel and towards the Champs Elysees, have been taken down, so that, standing where the Tuileries once fronted, one can look through to the interior facade of the Louvre.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Johnny Jones—"What makes you think your sister Nellie has been proposed to by old Smith, the millionaire?"

Billy Bones—"Well, he called last evening, and after he went away I saw her standing on her head in the parlor, flapping her legs and yelling 'Bagged!' till the cat had a fit."—*To-Day.*

Death From a Bee Sting.

A bee belonging to a swarm that a Dorsetshire farmer was attempting to hive got down the man's throat and stung him, and, the throat swelling rapidly, the man died of suffocation.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from Alabama.

PORTRAIT OF RODERICK
From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Illinois. "Your magnificent albums sell at almost every house I visit. All want one at first sight, and that makes the business pleasant and easy. I have made a profit of over $10 a day, from the first start." A. Roderick, Springfield, Ill.

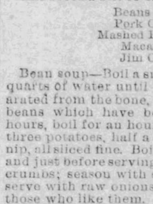
On account of a forced manufacturer's sale, 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase, never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ECONOMICAL DINING

TWO SUMMER BILLS OF FARE.

How They are Prepared—Practical Suggestions for the Serving of Vegetables—Some Recipes Which Every Housekeeper will Find Serviceable.

Detroit Sunday News.



OOD, to be of the most wholesome kind, must be not only composed of the proper materials, but well prepared. With this idea in mind, especial attention will be given to the instructions on how to cook the dishes named on the menus given each week rather than any elaborate descriptions of how to serve them. Here are bills of fare for two economical dinners, with some suggestions in the manner of preparing and serving the various articles. The first one is made up in this way:

Vegetable Soup.
Minced Beef.
Boiled Potatoes.
Turnips.
Cabbages.
Bonny Clabber.

Vegetable soup—Place a soup bone weighing about four pounds (any piece of beef not too fat will do) in a kettle and pour over it one quart of cold water to every pound of beef. When boiling, skim thoroughly and boil slowly four hours. One hour before serving add a small cabbage cut in quarters and sprinkled with salt. Have twelve medium sized potatoes and three turnips pared and halved or quartered and laid in cold water. When the cabbage has boiled 15 minutes add the turnips; boil 15 minutes longer and add potatoes, boil remaining 30 minutes; remove the meat and vegetables from soup, putting them where they will keep warm. The potatoes should be put in a sauce-pan on the back of the range and left uncovered. If there is not enough soup add boiling water and rub to a smooth paste a little flour and water. Boil thoroughly, season with salt and pepper and serve at once.

Minced beef—Take the meat from the bone and remove all the fat and gristle; chop fine and put it into a spider or saucepan; add 1 pint of water, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper. Cook until the gravy thickens and pour over hot toast.

Potatoes—These may be served just as they are seasoned, with salt and pepper.

Cabbage—Place in a not dish; season with butter, pepper and salt.

Turnips—Mash through a colander, season with butter, salt and pepper.

Bonny Clabber—Fill a dish or bright, clean pan with milk and allow it to stand where it will sour and thicken quickly without getting warm. When firm, place it where it will get very cold (ice if convenient), an hour or two before serving. It may be served with a saucer or shallow skimmer, and eaten with brown sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Sweet cream adds to its flavor, but it is cool and refreshing without.

This dinner will serve six persons, and will not exceed 50 cents in cost.

The second bill of fare is as follows:

Beans Soup.
Pork Chops.
Mashed Potatoes.
Macaroni.
Jim Crow.

Bean soup—Boil a small soup bone in two quarts of water until the meat can be separated from the bone, add a cupful of white beans which have been soaked for two hours, boil for an hour and a half and add three potatoes, half a turnip and one parsnip, all sliced fine. Boil half an hour longer and just before serving sprinkle in a few dry crumbs; season with salt and pepper, and serve with raw onions sliced very thin for those who like them.

Pork chops—One and a half pounds of pork chops; place in a hot frying-pan and fry in their own fat until pretty brown and thoroughly done; place on a hot platter and season with salt and pepper, or make a brown gravy to pour over them.

Mashed potatoes—Wash the potatoes and boil them as directed in first article of this series. When tender, drain and put them in a colander, with salt and pepper and a little butter. Mash them through the colander with potato masher, and return to saucepan and place over the fire to heat. A little milk may be added, but this makes them watery, as a rule.

Macaroni—Half a pound of macaroni; place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and a teaspoonful of salt; boil until tender; drain and pour cold water over it; return to saucepan, add half a cup of milk, a little butter, salt and pepper, and when hot it is ready to serve.

Jim Crow—Put New Orleans molasses in a frying pan and let it boil until thickened, when it should be half an inch deep; slice bread as for the table, remove the crust or not as you prefer; cut in squares or oblong pieces; butter and lay them in the boiling molassess. When crisp take them from the syrup, pile on a platter and serve hot. No sauce is required.

This dinner will serve six persons and will not exceed 50 cents in cost. Next week I will give a few hints for the picnic basket.

Tired Natures' Sweet Restorer.
Sancho Panza, wasn't it? who cried "God bless the man who first invented sleep." And England's greatest poet says that it is "tired Natures' Sweet Restorer." Still there is another invigorating and refreshing element of existence which is also "tired natures' sweet restorer."
We call it Compound Oxygen; our patients through gratitude call it *Blessed*.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y., No. 33 Main St., June 30, '88.
Compound Oxygen has greatly benefited me.
WM. H. PROUDFIT.
CENTER MONICHES, L. I., N. Y., July 15, 1888.
I am better than I have been in eleven years. It is truly wonderful what Compound Oxygen will do.
MRS. J. F. PENNY.
MIDDLETOWN, MD., May 28, 1888.
I have now been using Compound Oxygen for four weeks and must say that it is one of the greatest medical discoveries ever made. Since using it my catarrh and hoarseness have almost entirely left me.
GEO. C. RHODERICK.
We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Too Intimate Neighbor.

Save us from the neighbor who thinks herself intimate enough to be privileged to enter our house without knocking. You can never foresee when she will be down upon you. Do you stand before your mirror, razor in hand, in shirt sleeves, with face covered by lather? Then it is that she glanced in with a smirk, "Just to say good-morning," and ruffles your temper and demolishes your sense of dignity. Is your wife without a cook or maid, and is she in the kitchen flushed, and perspiring, and untidy, getting up a hasty meal?

The intimate neighbor is dead sure to run in unannounced, and, when you beg her to step into the sitting-room, coolly passes you and surprises the mistress of the house over the hot stove. Then, to see the wretched efforts the latter makes to appear at ease, and to make the vulgar visitor feel that it is delightful for one to be surprised with her hands in dish-water and a soot spot on her cheek, is enough to give one the lock-jaw. And as for the miserable man who tried in vain to stop the lady in the parlor—his actions in the privacy of the bedchamber are those of a wild and desperate creature. Is there no remedy for this most intolerable of all nuisances?—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bald heads are too many when they may be covered by a luxuriant growth of hair by using the best of all restorers, Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SILENT BATTALION.

COMRADE E. T. CHITTENDEN, CO. B, FOURTEENTH ILLS. INFT.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Nought can disturb thy calm repose;
No weary march, no hunger, thirst, or pain;
No bugle-blast, no battle's clash of foes
Shall stir or shed thy blood again.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Here, 'mid loving ones most dear, or there
Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown
On battle-field—no matter where—
They conflict's o'er, thy duty's nobly done.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Forgotten not, while sun and time shall roll,
By us, who with thee shared thy lot
Or gave thee to thy country's call.
We'll gather here to bless this spot.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
While flowers and tears and sighs we bring
To consecrate this holy place,
Thy deeds recount, thy prowess sing,
We're hastening on to thee apace.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
When we shall come to share thy rest—
The last one mustered under ground—
Our children's children then shall come
To bless and decorate each mound.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Now "In place—rest!" who wore the blue;
Thy 'countrements no more to wear.
Thy wounds are healed; no fell disease,
No prison-pens, no starvation, there.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Bless'd sleep that knows no waking, thine.
Till the great Resurrection Morn;
No blindness, cares, no wounds, no tears,
No faltering steps—thy work is done!

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust:
Thro' coming time thy honors shall be known;
Columbia saved—its honor and its trust
'T was thine to save, and thine alone!

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
But not alone—one by one we're hastening on,
Shoulder to shoulder thy rest to share;
Horse, foot, legions, commanders, men,
More than are left, thy comrades are.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
No tyrant, slave, or rebel stain
'Neath the starry flag of Liberty.
Though rent and stained by bloody hands—
The soil that makes thy bed is free!

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
No reveille, retreat, or shrieking shell,
No midnight watch on Southern hill or plain;
No double quick, no hateful rebel yell,
Shall e'er be thine to share again.

Sleep, comrades, sleep!
Here all are one; no rank, or power, or hate;—
Let angels guard each precious mound!
Here, too, we learn, the dead alone are great,
And all, all is peace beneath the ground!

* * *

Comrade Chittenden, author of the above poem, and who is now editor of the York (Neb.) *Register and Gazette*, writes as follows: "I was well acquainted with David R. Locke—"Nasby"—and worked with him in the Ohio *Observer* office, Hudson, O., in the winter of 1849-50, soon after he arrived from Penn Yan, N. Y., with Theo. B. Savage. Of course I could not get intimately acquainted with him in so short a time, but I became greatly attached to him, and with all the rest admired his warm, friendly heart, and irrepressible, spontaneous wit with which he kept the office constantly roaring in laughter."

THE BATTLE OF PARIS.

Comrade Dan Knight Tells of His First Engagement—The Fight With King.

THE FIRST battle I was ever engaged in was at Paris, Tenn., in March, 1862. Clay King, the rebel chief, was encamped near with his own regiment, the 7th Tenn., rebel cavalry, and a number of young men awaiting arms. There were about 1,500 men in King's camp, but only the 7th Cavalry were properly armed and equipped. The remainder had weapons of some kind, but they consisted chiefly of shotguns, squirrel rifles and long knives. When drawn up in battle array the command presented a comical appearance.

Four companies of the 5th Iowa Cav., with a battery of six guns, all under command of Major Croft, moved against King's camp at Paris. Capt. Louer was given the advance with Co. A and Co. B, Sergeant Edwards with ten men in the advance. Co. C, Capt Young, supported the battery. Capt. Beard, with Co. D, formed the rear. In this order we moved on Paris, with a degree of military precision never before attained by us.

At the first encounter with the rebels Charley Edwards captured seven—all but one—of King's pickets, two miles from his camp. The guard who escaped warned King, else we would have surprised the Johnnies, and caught them with their horses unsaddled and scattered through the town.

Capt. Louer, with the two companies, followed the flying picket guard into the town, but not knowing the exact location of King's camp, and being fearful of an ambush, he moved cautiously through the streets. This gave King an opportunity to form and conceal a portion of his command in a thicket at the roadside, to await the expected attack. King's camp was about one mile west of town. We came in from the northeast, and he was on the opposite side of the town from us. The battery, followed closely by Co. C, was entering the town when the first volley was fired by the Johnnies. Capt Bullis drew his saber and shouted in stentorian tones to his driver, to "charge!"

The captain was a sturdy German of St. Louis, as were also his men, with the exception of Lieut. Thurston.

The six guns went tearing through the town, and our boys kept well up to the guns.

Capt. Young was perfectly cool, prompt and quick to do his duty. It was a test of who had the nerve to face the music, and the study of faces was interesting. I must admit that I was shaky at the start, but I retained perfect control of my actions and could note the pallid faces about me. Some, however, showed no emotion whatever in their countenance. The Germans worked with precision. We formed our line just in the rear of the batt

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Flow of Water Through Pipes.

D. B., Aurora, Neb.: Your inquiry regarding the discharge of water per minute, from different sized nozzles, upon "8 inch hose 50 ft. long with 40 lbs. pressure," was submitted to Mr. Daniel Segur, secretary of the Toledo Waterworks board, who replies as follows:

The question, as asked, does not admit of a decisive answer. There is a large difference in the discharge from ring nozzles or smooth nozzles, from leather or rubber hose, under the same pressure at the hydrant or steam pump supplying the water. There is also a large difference owing to the manner in which the hose is laid, whether in straight lines or on level ground, or laid in bends or circles, or upon ground that slopes up or down hill. So far as I know, no experiments have been made to determine the friction loss in any hose of less size than the regular fire variety (2½ inch diameter), and the best that I can give for the "8 inch" question is the discharge per minute through a thin plate, which is very nearly the same as through smooth nozzles, with the pressure of 40 pounds at the nozzle, and not at the hydrant.

In the case of the 2½ inch hose, the answer will be found quite accurate if the question be amended by making it read "rubber hose," and providing for the laying in a straight line of that 50-foot length of hose. I would like to qualify the "8-inch answers" by saying that a 9-16 inch nozzle on the end of an 50-foot length of ¾-inch hose with a pressure of 40 pounds at the other end, will not discharge enough water to seriously inconvenience a tenpound mule driver, even if turned down his back; and the same can be said of the other sizes under ¼-inch.

Discharge of water per minute, through circular orifice, under 40 pounds pressure at point of discharge:

Diameter of jet in inches.	Through thin plate, or smooth nozzle. Gallons.	Through ring nozzle, estimated at 82% of theoretical discharge. Gallons.
1-16	0.60	0.47
1-8	2.42	1.89
3-16	5.41	4.22
1-4	9.70	7.60
5-16	15.10	11.80
1-2	38.70	30.20

Discharge of water per minute through nozzles upon a 50-foot length of 2½ inch rubber fire hose laid in straight lines from hydrant with a pressure at 40 pounds:

Diameter of nozzle in inches.	Disch. through smooth nozzle 50 feet from hydrant. Nozzle	Disch. through ring nozzle 50 feet from hydrant. Nozzle
	Disch. press.	Disch. press.
1	147 gals 36 lbs	116 37 lbs
1½	281 gals 26 lbs	236 30 lbs

Water-Power at Night.

S. M. S., Denison, Kan., takes issue with E. M. K., Newcastle, Cal., in the Bureau of July 4, in his belief that water power is stronger at night because that at the time of the sun unites with that of the earth at night and thereby increases the weight of the water upon the wheel. He says:

"If the sun's attraction at midnight adds to the weight of water, it is evident that it adds to weight of all substances; and if that difference is sufficient to make a perceptible gain in the speed of machinery driven by water-power, it follows that a ton of any article would vary considerable according to the time of day in which it was weighed. This would cause the greatest care necessary in the weighing of large quantities of gold and other costly substances. Science surely would not be silent in so important a fact, and I have never seen it mentioned in any work I have read.

"I have never had much experience in water power, but am inclined to think that difference in power is only imaginary, but if it really exists it must be due to the fact that the temperature generally falls during the night and thereby causes the water to become heavier than during the day."

If M. S. will consider a moment, he will see that the increase in weight would be so small as to make no perceptible difference in weights of a few ounces or pounds; while he will also admit that our scales for weighing heavy articles are by no means instruments of precision, and the slight difference would hardly be noticeable. Doubtless he has often seen hay-scales, for instance, that require a change of several pounds to be noticeable. The point that scientific men are silent on this is not well taken. There is an immense deal to find out yet, which is not known, and hence not set down. (S. M. S.'s other question is answered under "Miscellaneous.")

P. M. V., Novelty, Mo., also dissents from E. M. K., and says: If his theory were correct, it would be very perceptible at Niagara Falls." How perceptible? The falls are not used to run water-wheels. How would it be perceptible?

The editor of this department wishes that correspondents would send in facts or experiments to prove or disprove the assertion that water-power is stronger at night. That is what we must first settle. As a guide to those willing to investigate, with a turbine wheel, for instance: See that the head in the penstock is the same at midnight as at noon; have *exactly* the same gate; then time the revolutions accurately each minute, at numerous intervals—say take 10 observations at noon, also 10 at midnight. If true, then the wheel should run faster at midnight.

Another point no correspondent has thought of: the attraction of the moon may be the disturbing cause, or part of it. Try it when the moon is directly overhead, and then when it is directly underneath, and compare results. Let us have facts, not discussions.

Why We Are Called "Americans"—Our Northern Boundary—The Carat.

Teacher, Texas City, Ill.: 1.—It is impossible to attach the suffix "an" to the words "United States," to form a word indicating "an inhabitant of," as we do when we say European, Brazilian, Canadian, etc., and the reason the United States is by far the most important nation on this continent, it has become common to use the term "American" to designate its people, although not strictly correct. Of course, Mexicans and Canadians are "Americans," as much as we are.

2.—The northern boundary of the United States is fixed by treaty with Great Britain. It runs midway of the main channel of the St. Lawrence river, Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, and connecting rivers; north of Isle Royale in Lake Superior to the Pigeon River; up it through the chain of lakes to Lake of the Woods, and thence westward to the Pacific, along the 49th parallel of north latitude.

3.—The mark in gold rings, "12 k.," "14 k.," "18 k.," etc., means carats. A carat is one twenty-fourth part, and an 18 k. ring is 18 parts pure gold and 6 parts alloy. The word "carat" is allied to the Greek word *keration*, and the letter "k" is thus used as the abbreviation to signify "carats."

Sunday School Statistics.

J. S. S., Alpha, Mo.: The following are the Sunday school statistics of the world, reported to the Fifth International convention at Chicago, 1887:

	No. of schools.	Scholars.
United States	99,860	8,048,462
British America	6,448	440,983
Central America, Mexico, West Indies	850	35,000
England and Wales	....	5,200,776
Scotland	....	661,262
Ireland	....	268,639
Italy	200	12,560
Switzerland	1,591	91,371
Denmark	....	45,000
Germany	2,851	250,000
Holland	1,291	141,640
Norway	....	65,000
Sweden	....	208,000
France	1,197	121,150
Spain	100	8,000
Portugal	30	2,000
Belgium	57	2,350
Bohemia	92	2,875
Moravia	30	1,500
Russia	....	10,791
Elsewhere in Europe	....	10,000
Persia	107	4,876
India	....	100,000
Japan	150	7,019
Central Turkey	60	7,000
Elsewhere in Asia	....	30,000
Egypt	62	2,649
Elsewhere in Africa	....	158,745
South America	350	150,000
Australasia	....	408,701
Hawaiian Islands	....	15,000
Other islands	....	25,000
Total scholars	....	16,466,019

2. We do not know the person you inquire about.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Address.

C. M. D., Kelso, Wash., sends a request for a reply by mail, but addresses it to the "Toledo Blade Co.," instead of the Question Bureau. It may be well to say that all questions, requests, etc., which are not of a business nature, are sent to the Question Bureau editor; and hence they come under the rules above. This person wants Cornelius Vanderbilt's address. Mr. Vanderbilt lives in New York city. We wish to say, however, that there is no use in writing to him, or any other prominent man of wealth, unless it is a matter of legitimate business. There is a large class of people who are constantly writing to moneyed men of national reputation, asking for loans or gifts, or endeavoring to engage them in some scheme or plan in which there is supposed to be money. There is no use in doing this, for you will not get a reply. All these men keep secretaries, who open their letters, and who throw away at once all that are of this nature. It is said that Jay Gould gets an average of 100 such letters a day, while Depew, Vanderbilt and others are not far behind. We make this explanation so that BLADE readers will not waste their time in useless letter-writing.

Clay and Webster—Census Items.

C. H. P., Milligan, Tenn.: 1.—The reason Clay and Webster did not reach the Presidency was not on account of their unpopularity. It was a result of the fact, as true to-day as it was then, that a man who is long in public life necessarily makes many enemies, and does many things which serve as handles for demagogical cries against him. Two striking instances at the present time are James G. Blaine and John Sherman. Either would make a splendid executive, but both have long political records that serve as clogs. Blaine was defeated in 1884 by the mugwump vote of New York. Sherman's weakness in conventions is largely from the fact that the resumption of specie payment in 1878 took place while he was secretary of the Treasury. It was a magnificent piece of work, needful to be done, of untold benefit to the country at large; but every man who was a debtor at that time blamed Sherman if he got into financial difficulties, and there are tens of thousands of honest but unintelligent men who are his enemies to-day on this account.

2.—The work of the census-takers is not yet laid out, and it is impossible for us to tell what items they will have to collect. Blanks will be furnished on which the items are to be placed as they are collected.

Classification of Cities in Ohio.

Dixie, Toledo, O.: The classification of municipalities in Ohio is as follows: They are divided into cities, villages and hamlets. Cities are divided into two classes, 1st and 2d; cities of the 1st class are divided into first, second and third grades; cities of the 2d class are divided into first, second, third and fourth grades.

Cities of 1st class.—Having over 200,000 inhabitants, first grade; having over 90,000 and less than 200,000, second grade; over 31,500 and less than 90,000, third grade.

Cities of 2d class.—Having over 30,500 and less than 31,500, first grade; over 20,000 and less than 30,500, second grade; over 10,000 and under 20,000, third grade; more than 5,000 and less than 10,000, fourth grade.

Villages.—Having over 3,000 and less than 5,000 inhabitants, villages of the first class; over 200 and less than 3,000, villages of the second class.

Collections of houses containing less than 200 inhabitants are hamlets.

The Ohio Sunday Laws.

L. B. V., Swanton, O.: The Sunday laws of Ohio are briefly as follows: Sec. 7032, Revised Statutes, forbids "sporting, rioting, quarreling, hunting, fishing or shooting" on Sunday, under penalty of fine not exceeding $20, or imprisoned not more than 20 days, or both. Sec. 7033 forbids "common labor on Sunday, (works of necessity and charity excepted)," under penalty of not over $5 fine; but exception is made in favor of those who conscientiously observe the seventh day of the week. The Owen Sunday law is amendatory of the Dow law, and prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, except by druggists on a physician's written prescription, and directs that all places where they are sold must be kept closed on that day (except drug stores), under penalty of a fine of from $25 to $100, and imprisonment in the county jail from 10 to 30 days. Eating-houses in connection with bars are excepted, however, if the bar is kept closed, and no liquors sold. This law also provides that any municipal corporation shall have full power to prohibit saloons, but that a ratable proportion of the liquor tax shall be returned for the unexpired portion of the year for which it was paid.

The Kangaroo.

E. H., Bartlett, North Dak.: The kangaroo is a marsupial quadruped—that is, like the opossum, etc., the female has an abdominal pouch, formed by a fold of skin, in which the young, when born, are placed, and carried about by the mother. The kangaroo is found in Australia, New Guinea, and neighboring islands. There are many species, all differing in size. The largest species, the "great kangaroo," is about 7½ feet long from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, the latter being rather more than 3 feet long and a foot in circumference at the base, where it joins the body. Sitting upright on its haunches and tail it is over 4 feet high. Some of the other species are much smaller. Its hide is used for leather. 2.—Any sphere has an equator. The moon revolves, and the line on which it moves is its axis, the ends being the poles. The moon's equator is an imaginary line around it, halfway between the poles. We do not understand what you mean by the latter portion of this question. Make it plainer. 3.—The Chicago fire caused very much greater loss than that of Moscow.

Money Quotations in New York.

A. D., Edwardsburg, says: "I notice in the New York money market in the Weekly BLADE, money is quoted at 6 and 7 per cent in New York. Will you please tell me how I can obtain a loan of money from New York at this rate?"

The quotation is for "call loans," secured by collateral. To explain: The borrower puts in United States bonds, or the like, collateral stock, of value equivalent to the loan he desires, into the hands of the lender; the money must be paid when the lender calls for it, if it be the next day; if it is not forthcoming, he sells the bonds or stock. Money can not be obtained at that rate on long time, nor on mortgage security. There is an abundance of money in New York, but its owners prefer to lend it in this way, and turn it quickly, rather than to loan it on long time on any other security, as they make more out of it. Money is loaned on real estate mortgages, but the work is done through agencies, generally banks, in the larger towns and cities. No doubt the banks or the real estate men in your vicinity have Eastern money to loan in this way.

Light and Heat.

W. F. E., Ashton, Kan., asks us to give "the most reasonable theory as to the cause of light and heat." The dynamic theory of heat and light is the one now accepted by all leading physicists. Heat and light are vibrations of the molecules of matter. The different colors of light are caused by the differing wave-lengths of these vibrations. That is, both heat and light are modes of motion, and are caused by motion. This theory assumes that the universe is filled with an extremely subtle ether, of a gaseous nature, which is the medium of the transmission of heat and light from the sun and other heavenly bodies, and probably also of electricity, which is more and more being considered as a correlative of light and heat. Any first-class work on physics contains the discussion of this theory in its various bearings. While it must be understood to be unproved, yet there is no other theory that will so accord for all the varied phenomena of light and heat, and it will stand until some phenomenon is proved to occur which it will not explain. 2.—The paper you mention is published in New York.

A Sow and Pigs in Court.

M. A. D., Kirkville, Iowa, has our thanks for answering the question of J. M. B., Woodland, Mo., in the BLADE, of July 4. He refers the inquirer to Chambers's "Book of Days," p. 128, under the heading, "St. Anthony and the Pigs." There he will find, among many other instances of the same character, the following paragraph: "Among trials of animals for special acts of turpitude, one of the most amusing was that of a sow and six young ones, at Lavezmy, in France, on January 17, 1457, on a charge of their having murdered and partly eaten a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the pigs were acquitted on account of their youth, the bad example of their mother, and the absence of direct proof as to their having been concerned in the eating of the child."

Japanning Iron Articles.

M. L. J., Kan., asks: "Will you publish a recipe for putting black enamel on iron, such as is used on sewing machines, type-writers, etc., to give such an even black surface? Please give mode of application also." The substance used is Japan varnish, which can be applied with a brush, or by dipping. It is then baked in an oven. A great number of varnish manufacturers make this Japan. It is made of different grades and qualities, for different kinds of work, and the manufacturers generally furnish directions for the baking process, telling the proper degree of heat and length of time, for each different grade. Any dealer in paints and varnishes can put you on the track of some wholesale dealer or manufacturer of Japan. The requisite for a smooth surface to the finished article is a proper preparation of the surface on which it is applied. The smoother this is, the finer the finish.

Sunken Treasure.

J. L. W., Elmo, Texas: We do not know anything of the sunken Spanish treasure-ship you mention. 2.—As there has never been any report of the success of the efforts to recover the coin in the English ship you mention, it is fair to assume that they were unsuccessful. The difficulty in such cases is to locate the wreck. This being done, it is often found that it has been torn to pieces by successive storms, and whatever valuables it may have contained are scattered over a square mile or two of sea-bottom, and of course buried in the sand. There is more money to be made at plowing corn than in search for sunken treasure. There are only a few cases on record where considerable sums were recovered, but the expense was so great as to eat up the profits; while there have been dozens of unsuccessful attempts.

Old Coins.

I. R. M., Peoria, Ill.: 1.—Mr. Wallace is dead. We are sorry to say that we must adhere strictly to Rule 3 above, not to give addresses, either in this column or by mail, as it is the best kind of advertising, and free at that. If coin dealers wish to reach BLADE readers, they must advertise in its columns. 2. Silver quarters of 1853, *with* arrows, are worth only 25 cents—no premium; quarters of 1855, *without* arrows, are worth $4 each, if in first class condition.

S. Gardner, Horse Cave, Ky., has a coin (of what metal he does not say) which he wishes to

S S S

My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers and toes, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement. JOHN DEIHL,
Jan. 22, 1889. Peru, Ind.

POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.
Feb. 15, '89. JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala.

Send for books on Blood Poisons & Skin Diseases, free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

identify. He says: "Obverse: 'Lnd. XV. D. G. Fr. et Nav. ...' Reverse: 'St. Nomen Domini v. Benedictum * 1753.' Crown." We are inclined to the belief that it is a French coin of the reign of Louis XV.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis.

J. E. C., Sparta, Ill.: The naval academy at Annapolis is for the purpose of training officers for the navy, and is analogous to West Point, which trains officers for the army. One cadet for Annapolis is appointed every four years from each Congressional district, by the Representative, and there are 13 appointments at large, vested in the President of the United States. Appointees must be under 16, and must pass a very thorough examination in reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, United States history, and map-drawing of every state and territory in the United States. There is also a severe physical examination. Each cadet receives $400 a year while at the academy, and when graduated is made midshipman in the navy.

Taxes in Toledo.

S. S., Lincoln, Neb.: 1.—The assessed valuation of property in the city of Toledo for the year 1889, was $32,632,720. The selling value of the same property is estimated to be between fifty five and sixty millions. 2.—The tax rate was as follows:

	Mills on $1
Municipal taxes	1.35
County taxes	.53
State taxes	.29
School taxes	.53
Total rate	2.70

We have no means of finding the rate in the other cities you name, save by writing to some city official, and it will be quicker for you to do so directly.

Roman Catholics.

Alex., ——, Mo.: 1.—Will you please explain what you mean by asking "why is this government letting the Roman Catholics get such a hold in the United States?" Do you not know that the government has not the slightest power to interfere with any religion? The constitution gives absolute freedom of belief to every citizen, and a man has as much right, under the constitution, to be a Roman Catholic as anything else. There is no way whatever in which the government can interfere.

2.—To learn telegraphy, get some good operator to take you into his office and teach you. That is the only practical way. 3.—The engagement ring is now generally worn on the first finger of the left hand.

"Treasury Department" Whitewash.

J. H. L., Lovett, Ind.: The following receipt for whitewash, sent out by the Lighthouse board of the Treasury department for the use of its structures, has been found to answer, on wood, brick or stone, nearly as well as oil paint, and is much cheaper: Slack ½ bushel unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; 3 pounds of ground rice, put in boiling water, and boiled to a thin paste; ½ pound Spanish whiting, and a pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water; mix well together, and let stand several days. Keep in a kettle, and when used put on as hot as possible.

Some Religious Queries.

R. E. J., Mooresburg, Ky.: 1.—The sin against the Holy Ghost, or the "unpardonable sin," is generally considered to be the rejection of the opportunity of redemption by the acceptance of Christ as the Redeemer, and full repentance—the hardening of the soul to the appeals of the Spirit—and hence death in an impenitent state. 2.—The true church of Christ is composed of all who believe in him as the Redeemer and Savior of mankind, irrespective of what denomination they may affiliate with. 3.—The expression, in Genesis i, 26, "And God said, 'Let us make man in our image,'" etc., is a Hebrew idiom. It is equivalent to saying that God commanded that it should be so.

To Remove Superfluous Hair.

Subscriber, Point Pleasant, Mo.: The following depilatory is highly recommended: Mix thoroughly 8 ounces quicklime, 1 ounce dry pearlash, 1 ounce potassium sulphide. Take a small portion of this in powder, make into a paste with warm water, and apply immediately. A little starch may be added to make it manageable. Use a slip of wood for mixing. Apply to the surface from which the hair is to be removed; do not leave it on longer than 2 to 4 minutes. Wash in plenty of warm water, and apply oil to the surface, to prevent injury. This must be used with the greatest care, or severe injury to the skin may result.

Toledo and London Time.

"Britisher," Toledo, O.: Longitude is calculated from Greenwich, which is part of London; hence the longitude of London is zero. The longitude of Toledo is 83 degrees 34 minutes west of Greenwich. This gives a difference of 5 hours, 34 minutes and 16 seconds between the two places. When it is noon at Toledo, for instance, it is 5:34 p. m., 16 sec. past 5 o'clock in the afternoon at London.

A New Phrase.

E. D. D., Moscow, Idaho: In the item stating that the "American colony in Mexico decorated the graves of the soldiers of 1847 on Memorial Day," the phrase "American colony" simply means the Americans who happen to be living or stopping in the City of Mexico. There is no organization, no officers. The term "colony" is a very convenient one, and is common to Americans in this connection. Thus we speak of the "Ohio colony" in New York city, meaning the persons, natives of Ohio, who have removed to that city. In the same way the American colony in London, in Paris, in any foreign city, is spoken of.

"Legal Tender" of U. S. Coins.

J. T. P., St. Paul, Neb.: The gold coins of the United States, and the silver dollar, are full legal tender in any amount. The half-dollar, quarter-dollar and dime are legal tenders for any amount not exceeding $5. The five-cent and three-cent nickels are legal tender not to exceed 25 cents. The two-cent and one-cent pieces are legal tender for 2 and 1 cents only. That is, a man cannot be compelled to take more than one of each at one payment.

D. R. Locke's Story.

Our friends whose questions we have answered in the BLADE will probably agree with every one requested to return the favor by reading the announcement of "The Demagogue," on the 4th page of this issue; and then to send, *at once*, on a postal card, the names and addresses of those of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies of the paper, with the view of having them subscribe, so as to receive the story. Please do not fail to do this.

Miscellaneous.

25, 16, 25, Fort Riley, Kan.: We can not reply to such questions as yours, for reasons that must be obvious to yourself.

G. F., Bruce's Crossing, Mich.: You will find the information you ask for under the head, "How to Get a Patent," in Bureau of July 4.

M. H., —Ill.: We do not know the name of the person who got up the exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission at the Cincinnati Exposition.

——, Proctor, Ky.: The widow of a soldier in the Mexican war is entitled to $8 per month pension. His children are not entitled to anything.

V. R. D., Caneyville, Ky.: Henry M. Stanley is the explorer who found Dr. Livingstone. See answer, "Dr. Livingstone," in Bureau of last week.

J. B. B., Sparta, O.: The order of Maccabees is a secret benevolent order, and not of the nature of the "White Caps," or any other organization of cowardly rascals.

M. M., Elsinore, Cal.: The leading physicians say that electric belts are valueless, and that the only way to use electricity in a medical way is through a battery.

E. D., Ind.: There are two state prisons in Illinois—at Joliet and at Chester. In Missouri, there is one at Jefferson City. Whether there is another, we do not know.

S. M. S., Denison, Kan.: The "Turn-Verein" is a German athletic society. The word "Turn" refers to the turnings in gymnastic exercises; the word "verein" means "society."

W. W., Parsons, Kan.: We do not recall any law of Congress during the war to regulate the price of gold. Such a measure would be foolish in the extreme, for prices can not be regulated by law.

J. H. D., ——: Hon. J. D. Kerr, Representative of the 28th Pennsylvania district, lives at Clearfield, Pa. He need not send your postoffice address, or don't expect an answer. Why can not questioners observe the rules above?

J. R. B., Florence, Texas: The book we referred to is entitled: "Principles of Economic Philosophy, by Van Buren Denslow, LL. D." It is published by Cassell & Co., 104 and 106 Fourth avenue, New York. No answers by mail.

L. C. S., Warsaw, Mo.: Broun-handles are sandpapered in the lathe, after turning. The operator takes a piece of sandpaper in the palm of his hand, and, taking it around the handle at each end, and moves his hand slowly to the other, and then back. The handle is then smooth.

R. W. W., Stormy Fork, S. C.: 1.—Gun cotton is cotton which has been chemically treated in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. Its mode of preparation is complex, as well as dangerous. 2.—We don't know whether Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is an "open communion" Baptist or not.

D. W. H., Burr Oak, Mich.: 1.—We have not the particulars of the Girard will case, and hardly know where to find them. 2.—We are unable to say why there is a "jog" in the northern boundary of Connecticut, in Hartford county. If some Connecticut or Massachusetts reader will kindly give us its history, we shall be glad to publish.

S. S. L., Boiling, Tenn.: 1.—Prohibition prohibits in Kansas, Iowa and Maine. 2.—Local option is far preferable in states which have large manufacturing and commercial cities. 3.—We do not know the views of Harrison's cabinet on Prohibition, nor can we see that it is of the slightest importance, as they have no power over the matter one way or the other.

Reader, Roland, Iowa: 1.—Germany is the coalition that is better prepared for war than any other. Russia is nearly, if not quite as well prepared. 2.—We do not understand your second question, which reads: "Are they to have two names to D. S?" Tell us what you mean. 3.—Behring strait is about 80 miles wide. How do you suppose a railway can be built over 80 miles of stormy water in the Arctic sea?

R. E. J., Mooresburg, Tenn.: 1—The number 160 is not a perfect square, and its square root cannot be exactly obtained. 2.—We have no time for such foolish investigation as to find "one verse in the Bible which contains all the alphabet except J." 3.—All that any one knows about Melchisedec is what is told in Genesis xiv, 18-20. There is absolutely nothing else about him in history save this. Anything else is mere guess-work.

HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE.

My uncle is threshing with Freddy;
My mother has gone to the fair;
I've vowed to be steady as steady,
And baby she's tied in the chair;
I must brush up the hearth to look neater,
And put all the tea cups away;
There's no one to help me but Peter,
And Peter—why, Peter's at play.

Just hear how the turkeys are crying,
And the cat is as hungry as two!
I'll see if the cherries are drying,
And then there's the churning to do;
In summer we churn in the cellar,
So baby can come there to stay—
I must think of a story to tell her
While Peter—but Peter's at play.

It is time that the chicken was over,
And my mending is scarcely begun—
Here's Peter come up from the clover,
And we never have dinner till one!
I'll just make this sauce a bit sweeter,
And bring out some cakes on a tray—
He must be well treated, poor Peter,
He does work so hard at his play!

—*Dora Read Goodale in St. Nicholas.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Carpenters and other tool-users who keep up with the times, now use a mixture of glycerine instead of oil for sharpening their edge-tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirits in greater or less proportion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice.

Three thousand masons in Berlin recently went on a strike, asking that nine hours constitute a day's work, in which they also asked for 30 minutes for breakfast, 30 minutes for dinner, and an hour for supper. This would sound odd to American workmen who, going to work at 7 o'clock in the morning, eat their breakfast before starting, carry their dinner in a pail, and get their supper after quitting their work at 6 o'clock in the evening.

It is said that a new method of generating steam has met with remarkable success in England. The invention is adaptable to any ordinary Cornish, Lancashire, or marine boiler. The apparatus for perfecting the combustion consists of an air tube placed on the floor of the furnace, perforated on each side, in communication at the outer end with a man air conduit, and at the inner end with a hot air receiver or air-diffusing pipes, where the air becomes highly heated and delivered by a large number of jets into the escaping gases from the fuel chamber. The air is obtained by means of a fan driven by a small engine.

It is well known that ships' boats suffer from being slung up at the davits and kept there for long periods exposed to the weather. It not infrequently happens that when in harbor—and sometimes at sea in case of an emergency—a boat, which has been for some time exposed to such deteriorating influence is lowered into the water, it is found to be leaky. Ships' boats, hanging at the davits, are also in danger of being smashed by seas breaking on board. In order to meet the fogs and dangers arising from such conditions it is proposed to construct boats of steel, and, what is still more novel, out of single plates. A company is being formed to carry on the manufacture.

An insanity specialist, in a recent conversation as to the number of young men and women at present in asylums from the use of opium, morphine, cocaine, and kindred narcotics, stated that the subject had given him more trouble than all other forms of insanity combined. He said that among his patients were those whose minds had become unbalanced through drink, family afflictions, business losses, and from other causes, but the worst cases were those whose minds were destroyed through the use of narcotics. The number of patients from this cause is rapidly increasing, and he said that there have been more men and women committed during the last six months for dementia caused by drugs than there were for the same reason during the ten previous years. It is beyond question that narcotics are a more prolific source of insanity than all other causes combined.

Keep Cool!

Now that the bears in the shade of the pole
Look peaked and put their tongues out and roll;
Now that the mercury's high and goes higher,
Now that the air is a curtain of fire;
Now that the sunbeams that dance on the ocean
Are simply the rays of the Greenland shore;
O, for Nova Zembla or some Antartic peak;
O, to have a mugwump's cold, hard cheek;
O, to slide down ice banks on an Esquimaux sled,
O, to have a cool cloud for hammock and bed;
O, to be a bullfrog in a shady pool,
Singing bass and running a tadpole swimming school;
O, to roll in snowdrifts and to swim in champagne punch;
To have cold rain for breakfast and fresh-caught hail for lunch;
But these are dreams, the only means to keep you cool and gay—
Don the flannel and put the biled shirt away!

—*New York Sun.*

Robert Browning's Social Life.

A London letter in the Philadelphia *Press* says that Robert Browning goes out a great deal in society and has an especial weakness for dinners. He is short and stout, with white hair and a glow of ruddy health. He wears his hair quite long and has a mustache and goatee. He enjoys the best of health and has an almost boyish flow of animal spirits and enthusiasm. Society is his life and he is always an evidence. He dines out nearly every night and loves balls and receptions. Most agreeable in conversation, of course he is well posted on every subject, and his friends number the great men of the entire world. He is a great flirt and very proud of his conquests. Of course all bow down to the Browning name, one of the grandest in literature, much sought after by all classes of society. His presence is thought to put a most learned and distinguished stamp on any reunion.

Grant as a Wood-Cutter.

Judge Lanham in St. Louis Republic.

Grant used to chop cord-wood in a peculiar way, cutting the tree all round instead of half down one side and then on the other, like the ordinary axeman. While President he visited St. Louis, and I went with him to his farm, and passing the spot where he once chopped wood I said: "General, the fellow who cut those stumps was a poor wood-chopper, don't you think so?" The President replied with a sigh: "That might be true, judge, but to tell the truth, I was happier then than now. I cut my wood, hauled it to the city, got my price for it, and returned to my family and was happy; but now the burden of a nation is on me, and I know no rest. Those were happy days, judge."

A Little Good Advice.

Never meet trouble half way. Let it do all the walking.—*Alta California.*

If you set out to fish for compliments be sure the water is shallow.

Do not persecute the unfortunate, as it is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.—*Chinese Proverb.*

If you are too crowded spill a little ammonia on your clothes—that is, if you can stand it.

Now that the fight is over let us shake hands across the chasm and have peace.

Not So Bad.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the memory? Tommy—It's the faculty—the faculty—"That's right. Go on." "It is the faculty with which—with which we forget things." *Texas Siftings.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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JULY MILLINERY.

THE SUMMER GIRL'S HAT.

Some of the Newer Styles—The Ever-Popular Sailor Hat is Still with Us.

It is one good thing about the new July hat. Its low crown necessitates a complete change in the dressing of the hair. No more locks brushed up and piled on the top of the head, leaving the nape of the neck uncovered. The head is now free, the hair dressed low, scarcely an aigrette of curls rising above the forehead; long plaits or ringlets often fall at the back over the shoulders. What the Psyche knot was to the summer girl of 1888, the catogan braid is to her of 1889. The simple, loose plait looped low in the neck and fastened with a ribbon or a single pin of silver or gold goes equally well with the sailor hat on an outing or the skeleton of wires covered with puffs of tulle which constitutes the flower-laden chapeau, the hat of the afternoon.

The four pretty bridesmaids who a fortnight ago assisted Miss Elizabeth Drexel to become Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, illustrated very nicely both the July hat and the catogan braid. They wore short Empire dresses of white moire draped with white crepe de chine. Each piquant maiden had a light fringe of loosely curled hair on her forehead, in spite of the oft-pronounced decree that there are to be no more bangs. The rest of the wavy mass was combed straight back, braided in a long, fluffy loop that touched the shoulders and thrust through with a golden dagger whose hilt was studded with gems. On this picturesque and juvenile coiffure, which accords with the season's picturesque and juvenile gowns, was set a broad low hat of white felt of the style the lovely and graceful Hading left us, piled with long and heavy white ostrich plumes.

The sailor hat we have always with us and an olive-skinned maiden with wicked eyes and winning dimples, at the Staten Island Athletic club on regatta day, displayed its new estate and powers. Her hair was left loose in the old-time popular fashion, its black masses drifting about her shoulders. A single cream-yellow magnolia blossom in its setting of waxy leaves caught the flowing curls back from her face. The brim of the black chip sailor hat was rather narrow, and the crown, instead of being made of straw, was left open and filled in with loose folds of yellow crepe meeting in a round crepe rosette in the center. A black bird balanced behind, his tail and the tips of his spread wings pointing saucily forward. Black and yellow are the club colors, and the hat was matched by a fan of yellow ostrich feathers, on one plume of which perched a jetty-winged hummingbird.

Mrs. Langtry's hats are among the objects of interest to Long Branch cottages. She has taken the house of Miss Hattie Russell, the actress and a member of her troupe, and sat on its veranda a day or two since in a white Directory gown. The whole front of the white silk underdress was covered with gold braiding. The coat was of fine white cashmere of the new pattern, with revers turned back all the way around the neck and down the fronts, braided with gold and looking deliciously cool. A long scarf of white silk gauze was tied at the throat, and the wide lace-trimmed ends filled the space between the coat fronts. The flat pockets were set very far back, adorned with large mother of pearl buttons and braided in gold. To complete this outfit was a tulle hat, frail as a butterfly's wing but quite as lovely. Broad-brimmed and flat, the front was brought into a poke shape and the wire frame was covered with some four thicknesses of white tulle, puffed full on top and shirred loosely about the face inside. Pond lilies carelessly twisted in their leaf and their long, brown stems formed the trimming, and over these walked dragonflies, with shimmering, iridescent wings.

JULY VARIETIES.

Mrs. Langtry can play sweet simplicity very prettily, and when she walks on the beach of a morning it is often in a broad flat leghorn, encircled by a simple ribbon which waves in long streamers behind. On such occasions she follows, or leads the "lambs" and braids her hair in a shining flat catogan loop hanging below the nape of the neck and pinned by a broad-shafted arrow.

Ever since March we have been getting ready for the genuine gauzy field flowery July hat and, behold, it is here. It is absolutely laden with blossoms. Roses, honeysuckle and azaleas have been favorites for a month past, but as the season changes so much the posies, and only the field flowers of mid-summer, the poppies, small yellow sunflowers, blue corn flowers, sweet clover, chicoory, tropic meadow lillies, the blue iris, the white arrowhead, wild morning glories, mallows and meadow grasses are to be seen. Fruits, also, are coming back as fashionable decorations, and currants and cherries hang lovingly, cheek by jowl, from the same brown twigs to puzzle the gardener who knows not grafty in millinery. Nuts are coming a little later, and bunches of hazelnuts and chestnut burrs have already appeared. In the spring there were butterflies, but the summer girl cares for nothing but devil's darning needles and small reptiles, things which hint at the abandon, the touch of recklessness which gets into us well along in the vacation season.

A dashing woman with a peculiar gleam in her long, lazy, half-shut eye, attracted much attention one race day at Sheepshead Bay, in a big black lace hat with a slightly drooping rim which had a rakish bend at one side. Black plumes

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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GET UP CLUBS FOR THREE MONTHS.

As is announced elsewhere Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S story of "The Demagogue" is to be begun in THE BLADE of next week.

In order that many thousand new readers may join the great BLADE family, we have made a special THREE MONTHS' club rate for the Weekly BLADE at an extremely low rate.

Agents, Postmasters and others will do well to write to us for special club terms AT ONCE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

POLITICAL ZEALOTS AS THE ENEMIES OF PROHIBITION.

A gentleman who signs himself "A Prohibitionist," but who evidently should have inserted the word "political," writes THE BLADE the following note:

EDITOR BLADE:—(1) Since the recent elections in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, do you still hope for Prohibition through the Republican party? (2) Is it not a fact that a majority of Republicans hate a Prohibitionist, whether he belongs to the third party or not, with an intensity that amounts almost to a frenzy?

(1) THE BLADE never expects to see Prohibition reached through any political party, and never assumed that it would be. (2) No, not by any means.

These answers cover the questions our correspondent puts. But as he evidently don't know what ground THE BLADE takes on Prohibition, we will discuss them at more length. This paper believes in Prohibition as a needed reform, and one sure to come eventually; that it will come as ballot reform has been coming the past year, in which it became an accomplished fact in nine states, by the action of good citizens, irrespective of party, who have become convinced of the reality of the evils of the present condition of things; that it is not a political question, for there is in it nothing on which there should be any radical difference of opinion among reasonable men of any party; and that the efforts of zealots to force it into politics do the real cause far more harm than good. This always has been the attitude of THE BLADE on this momentous question, and as the years pass on the more clearly is its soundness manifested.

As to the second point, our friend is foolish if he can not see that his question is absurd. There is no doubt that a majority of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania and of Rhode Island voted for the amendments. Hence the absurdity of asking if "it is not a fact" that a "majority of Republicans hate a Prohibitionist." Nor do we know any well-informed, intelligent, liberal-minded voter of any party who "hates" any one because the latter entertains views on public matters different from his own. This is a free country, and a man has a right to his own opinions. One may object to the opinions, but this does not carry objection to the man who holds them.

It is a fact, proved in these columns a year ago by a comparison of votes, and again last week in discussing the vote of Pennsylvania, that the third party men—those who insist on making Prohibition a party question—are only one-fifteenth of the total number who favor Prohibition by their votes. THE BLADE has always believed that this fraction is a stumbling-block in the way of the progress of Prohibition; and the recent elections have deepened that conviction. We will explain why it is

There are two things on which the great majority of men are more or less bigoted; the one is their religious views, the other their politics. Now, the work to be done is to convince men of the real, terrible nature of the evils of the Rum traffic, and then that Prohibition is the only logical, the only effectual means of dealing with them. The third-party advocates come in, dealing out unstinted abuse of the two great political parties, especially the Republican, and rousing needless political prejudice. The masses do not distinguish between the cause, and this group of one-fifteenth of the advocates of that cause; and the cause shares, in their minds, the antagonism thus roused by the latter.

It is patent to all who read the leading third-party organs that they are more bitter, more vindictive, than the organs of any other party at the present day. And their vindictiveness and bitterness is poured out without stint on the Republican party. The theory of their editors, and of the third party leaders, is that if they can draw off Republican votes enough to defeat that party at the polls, it will disintegrate, and then the votes of that party will come *en masse* into the third-party ranks. No more idiotic scheme was ever proposed than this. It is as much as to say, "We will knock you down, kick you, roll you in the gutter; then you will get up and be our sworn friend and ally forever!" This piece of political fatuity is bearing the fruit every sensible man expected. It is arousing an enmity to Prohibition itself, and doing the cause a great injury.

We know that men ought to be clear-headed enough to discriminate; but alas! they are not. The average voter saw the men, who were in the last campaign abusing his party with the utmost vigor, coming to the front as leaders of the campaign for the amendment, and his prejudice, aroused by the former course, has led him to oppose the amendment to get even with them. That is one factor in the situation. Again, the third party is actually playing into the Rum Power's hands in its efforts to build up its numbers in states which now have Prohibition—in Iowa and Kansas. Let us quote from the Detroit *Tribune* of July 10:

> If the Prohibitionists of Iowa and Kansas desire to see their respective states follow Rhode Island's example and repudiate Prohibition, they can hasten forward to the day when that will be done by permitting the third-party Prohibitionists a considerable foothold in those states. The existence and operations of the third party in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island and in other states that have had a popular vote on prohibitory amendments, have had much to do with the defeat of constitutional Prohibition. There is no doubt about that. And it will be the same in other states if the third party continues to pursue the course it has been following for the last few years.

Take Iowa, for instance. It is a prohibition state. It was given prohibition by and through the Republican party. Prohibitionists there assert that the law is reasonably successful. At the same time, what is the attitude of the third party toward Iowa? How long ago was it that Mr. Dickie, chairman of the Prohibition national committee, went personally into the state of Iowa to organize a third party there in open hostility to the party that had already given that state prohibition? Our readers have not forgotten. True, Mr. Dickie was told by the Iowa prohibitionists that he was a mischief-maker and his services were not needed there, but this did not alter the purpose of the third-party leaders. They intended to build up a third party in Iowa that would draw away enough votes from the Republicans to elect the Democrat ticket.

The one illustration shows how the thing works. If they could succeed in building up a third party in Maine, Iowa and Kansas to any considerable size, dissensions and divisions would follow, which would result in the overthrow of constitutional Prohibition in each of those states. The idea that the third party can ever become anything more than a third party is preposterous. It is weaker to-day than it was in 1884 in many states, and can never hope to become more than an annoying factor in politics in any state.

Fourteen out of every fifteen of actual Prohibitionists are not third-party men, and the silly efforts of this small minority is bound to injure the cause they profess to have at heart. All the third party can do is to delay or defeat practical work for Prohibition in the only line it can be successful. The effort that is thus wasted should be turned in the channel of advocating Prohibition instead of a party. The work to be done is an educational one. When the masses realize the evils of Rum, and the inadequacy of any method of remedying them save Prohibition, they will, without any separate party, turn in and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION'S REPORT.

The recent report of the civil service commission contains some facts of general interest, as showing the field now covered by the law, and how it is working. The total number of government employes covered by the law when the report was sent to Congress in March, was 27,597, of which number 8,212 were in the departmental service, 2,298 in the customs service, 11,767 in the postal service, and 5,320 in the railway mail service.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibit is that showing the kind of education of successful and unsuccessful applicants. It appears from this that the graduates of the public schools are just about as successful, and in some cases more successful, than the graduates of colleges. Taking the year ending June 30, 1888, the total number of persons examined who had a public school education only was 9,395, of whom 5,605 passed and 3,790, or 40 3-10 per cent, failed. This showing is slightly, but not very much, in favor of the college-educated.

The experience and observation of the commission thus far seems to justify the statement that whether a man will or will not successfully pass the examination and become a useful public servant depends quite as much upon his personal qualities and the use he has made of his opportunities since quitting school as upon the extent and character of the education he received in the schools. In other words, while the education of the schools is important and necessary as a preparation for the public service, it does not in itself necessarily or generally constitute a complete preparation for that service any more than it does for a business or professional pursuit. It is that education joined with the personal qualities and habits of the individual, mental, moral and physical, that determines success or failure in the public service, and in the steps leading thereto.

This fact is often lost sight of by the critics of the commission and its examinations and methods, when they charge that it is the students fresh from their books that pass the examination most successfully. The point that none but schoolboys can pass the examinations is well met also by the table, showing the average age of those who pass and those who fail. The average age of clerks in the departmental service who passed was 27¼ years, and of those who failed 29 years. In the case of the carriers in the postoffices, the average age of those who passed was 26 8-10 years—a fraction of a year above the age of those who failed. The other classes of officers tell the same story and show that not only is it persons mature years who take the examinations but the old stand as good a chance as the young of answering the simple English questions propounded.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

SUNDAY, July 14, was the centennial of the capture of the Bastile by the people of Paris. This noted prison was begun in the year 1369 by CHARLES V, and completed in succeeding reigns. It was situated at the gate of St. Antoine, and consisted of eight huge round towers connected by solid masonry. It was not a very large prison, as it could contain but about eighty prisoners, if confined singly; but the public detestation in which it was held arose from the fact that it stood for the arbitrary power of the throne over its subjects. Within its walls could be confined, by a mere order and without examination, any one suspected of treason, any one who stood in the way of the King or his favorite courtiers. On July 14, 1789, the people captured it, and liberated the seven prisoners held within its gloomy walls. It was afterward torn down, and on the spot it occupied now stands the column of July, erected to those who fell in 1789 and 1830.

HON. ROBERT P. PORTER, Superintendent of the Census, gives notice that no more applications for offices in his bureau will be considered until after September 1. All his time for some weeks to come will be taken up in mapping out the work of the special agents of the bureau. He wishes to give this matter his undivided attention, and hopes to have the agents prepared to organize their various departments of special inquiry by the time Congress meets. Mr. PORTER says that he has already appointed three times as many employees as were appointed at the same period in the last census. After the work of the special agents is well in hand, Mr. PORTER will take up applications for appointments as supervisors of the census. There are 175 supervisors, and each of them will have the selection of about 300 enumerators.

CIVILIZATION has not progressed so far as to give any great reason for congratulation, when a nation holds its breath while two bullies beat each other in a brutal hand-to-hand fight. Charmed crowds stand around bulletin boards eager to see which man is pummeled. Column after column of details, published because demanded by the great public, are devoured with avidity, while the proceedings of some important representative body like the Educational convention held here last week, are comparatively unread. And yet we represent, as a whole, the highest civilization the world has reached!

SECRETARY NOBLE, in outlining the territorial policy of the administration, says it will be a broad and liberal one; that the orders of the late Land Commissioners, MCFARLAND and SPARKS, suspending land patents in a large portion of Wyoming because of indications of coal and oil, should be rescinded; that the lands where there are no evidences of minerals should be sent to patent; that persons who settled upon the public lands or purchased lands in good faith should have their evidences of title; that this was his policy, and that Acting Commissioner STONE was in accord with him.

SEVERAL prominent Democratic politicians are missing from different sections of the country. Better get out search-warrants in Montana and the other new states.

A NEW YORK embezzler has been arrested in Chili. An American embezzler is very foolish to go to Chili as long as Canada is so handy.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH RATES.

Postmaster General WANAMAKER has stirred up things in telegraphic circles by his notification to the companies that the rate on government messages for the coming year will be one mill a word, for any distance, with no extra allowance for delivery. The previous rate had been twenty cents for the first twenty words, one cent a word for all additional, and 20 per cent extra for all distances over 1,000 miles; and the first inkling the companies had that any change was contemplated was Mr. WANAMAKER'S action.

The point to the matter is that the companies are absolutely helpless. The telegraph companies were given the right of way over any portion of the public domain, and over military or post roads, with authority to take from such lands all the stone and timber they might need for the work of construction. This right of way from the government is useful to the companies, too, in giving them legal status as inter-state commerce companies. The law of Congress giving these rights stipulates that they must give priority to government dispatches over all other business, at such rates as the Postmaster General shall annually fix. The acceptance of the right of way by the companies renders the fulfillment of the government conditions obligatory; hence they are powerless to oppose Mr. WANAMAKER'S dictum as to rates.

Probably the first feeling of the average business man to whom the telegraph is a necessity, is that of satisfaction that the telegraph companies are at last obliged to take a dose of their own medicine. They are able to fix what rates suited them for private business, and the public who use the telegraph are powerless. No matter if the rate be exorbitant, it must be paid, if the mails are too slow for the exigencies of the case. Mr. WANAMAKER has turned the tables on them, and, so far as the public business is concerned, the companies are in the exact position toward the government that the public occupies regarding themselves. They are helpless.

The government business over the Western Union at the old rate was over $20,000 a year. That is, about two million words were sent, speaking roughly. Under the new rate, this company will receive only some $2,000 a year—one-tenth of what it previously received. But is Mr. WANAMAKER really doing the proper thing? There is no doubt but the rate he sets is far less than the actual net cost of the work performed. Would it not be better to fix a rate that would cover the net cost o the companies? It seems to us that the cutting off of profit and the priority of transmission would be a proper annual set-off for the right of way and other advantages enjoyed by the companies from the government. Retaliation is hardly a proper governmental policy—when the people themselves are sure to have to pay the deficit many times over in increased toll, exacted by the companies.

A FREE TRADE IDEA.

Some of our free trade friends have queer ideas. THOMAS G. SHERMAN is their high priest and he evolves this:

> In Ohio, within forty years, the population has increased 100 per cent; assessed wealth about 1,000 per cent. Federal taxation has increased at about the same rate. The burden imposed on the people in this manner is therefore constantly increased and is certain still to increase in the future.

It would seem as if an increase of ten hundred per cent in wealth to one hundred per cent in population was not such a bad thing, even if it does happen under a protective system of government. As to the increase in taxation, a rich man is expected to pay more than a poor.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

IT now appears, from recent investigations, that the population of China is grossly exaggerated as to numbers. The Chinese officials, it seems, have a habit of multiplying the total several times in order to please the emperor, and make him imagine that he is far more powerful than the reality. It is now believed that, instead of the 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 population generally assigned to the Chinese Empire, its people do not number over 120,000,000. All the same, they are an undesirable element in this country, and it is a relief to know that their own country is large enough to contain them without difficulty. Let them stay at home. We have enough low-grade Caucasian immigrants who are nominally Christians without an admixture of Mongol heathen.

THE saloon-keepers in Connecticut are wounded in spirit, and touched in honor. The law now requires that they shall remove all screens, and the blinds, curtains, or other concealments from windows and doors, during the hours wherein the laws declare they shall not sell, so that an unrestricted view of the interior may be had at any moment. They are not rebellious over the regulation that they shall not sell at these hours—oh, no! But their sensitive souls are harrowed up over the idea that the law-makers exhibit such a lack of confidence in their strict obedience of the provision. It is hard, indeed, that a saloon-keeper's integrity and law-abiding nature are not fully believed in by the Connecticut legislature!

A GOOD WATCH AT LAST!

Those of our readers who want a *good* cheap watch will please read our new watch offer in the Publishers' Department, on 5th page. The watch we now have is the best cheap watch ever offered, and we are able to recommend it heartily.

IT is said that Americans desiring to cross the German frontier from France must be careful to see that their passports are properly *vized.* If there is any fee attached to the process it is to be feared that few will have money enough, after a week in Paris this summer.

THE town of Seattle arises to explain that, in the language of the ring, while it was knocked down it was not knocked out, and is now ready to proceed with business at the old stand as though nothing had happened.

Count Hardegg, who has just died at Vienna, bequeathed 200,000 to the university of that city on condition that the money should be left to accumulate for 100 years, when, according to his calculations, it will have increased to about 18,000,000 florins.

A nest egg which is expected to keep an hundred years must be a hard one.

GEN. JOHN M. PALMER, of Illinois, was a good soldier and is in many ways a big man, but he should wait until Illinois has a Democratic legislature before he makes up his mind to be a United States Senator.

IN a private letter to a friend in Washington, Senator SHERMAN writes that he expects to give six full weeks to the Ohio campaign. He will visit every county in the state and make many speeches.

AN inquirer in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* wants an appropriate name for a girl baby, born July 4. Name her DAKOTA MONTANA MARTHA WASHINGTONIA, and see if she lives.

THE Inter-state Commerce committee announces that it hopes to stop "costly railway warfare," and yet it is said that "competition is the life of trade."

THE new states seem to be disposed to make the secret ballot a part of their constitutions, and it is a significant and encouraging sign.

OHIO DEMOCRATIC HOPES.

There are four points relied upon by the Ohio Democrats in their campaign this fall. They are: First, that there is a factional quarrel among Republicans. Second, that the Presidential patronage given Ohio is so small as to have produced disaffection. Third, that Governor FORAKER is too outspoken in his hostility to the "Southern plan" of carrying elections, and will lose votes thereby. Fourth, that Mr. LAMPSON, candidate for lieutenant governor, is too strong a temperance man.

Which is to say, that the Ohio Democrats rely upon an alleged ruction in Republican ranks, and the friendship of the liquor interest, to carry them to victory, in the face of the tremendous Republican majority in this state.

In regard to the first point, it is as well to understand the facts. We do not imagine that any Republican in the state is so foolish as to be willing to turn the state over to Democratic control, with the inevitable financial extravagrance and mismanagement that have been its inevitable concomitants in the past, in order to express his displeasure that the great mass of Ohio Republicans do not agree with himself in his personal estimate of Senator SHERMAN. The situation in this respect has cleared up wonderfully, and the recent state convention gave an emphatic voice to the sentiments of nine out of ten Ohio Republicans as to their personal preferences.

As to the second point, it is not the fault of Governor FORAKER that Ohio has not had a larger amount of federal patronage; the fault, if any there be, lies elsewhere. Hence there can be no reason why any Ohio Republican should bolt the ticket this year on that account.

Thirdly, the only men in Ohio who don't want the matter of Southern political scoundrelism stirred up are Democrats, and Ohio Democrats are not in the habit of voting the Republican ticket.

And lastly, the temperance sentiment of this state is too strong for any attempt at proscription of a candidate on that ground. The day has gone by in Ohio when the advocacy of sobriety and temperance can defeat a candidate. HOADLY made his last campaign, in 1885, on that issue, and his defeat is historic.

It would be indeed strange if, in the entire absence of any sound reason in state policy or government, a Republican state should go Democratic because of sulking over personal preferences, and because the nominees are the stanch friends of liberty and temperance. It is tough on the Democrats, but their annual Waterloo awaits them next November in Ohio.

DO YOU WANT TO DO YOUR FRIENDS A FAVOR?

A postal card will easily hold ten names and addresses. Send us in this way the names of ten of your neighbors and friends who would like to read "The Demagogue," announced elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

WILSON, a Democratic Congressman for West Virginia, remarked recently that "a plutocrat cannot be a Democrat." That's funny! WILSON forgets that the arch-plutocrat of America, JAY GOULD, put up money freely to re-elect CLEVELAND last year; that Senator PAYNE, of Ohio, a Democrat all his life, is a Standard Oil magnate, as is his many millionaire son-in-law, ex-Secretary of the Navy WHITNEY; that WM. L. SCOTT, the leading Democrat of Pennsylvania, is rolling in millions, accumulated through the coal trust, of which he is a leading member; that CAL. BRICE, the chairman of the National Democratic committee, is a "plutocrat" of the railroad wrecker variety; that WELLINGTON R. BURT, the originator of the new Salt Trust, a Michigan millionaire, was Democratic candidate for governor of that state at the last election; and that two-thirds of the Standard Oil, the Coal and the Sugar trusts, and three fourths of the Democratic National committee, are not only Democrats, but plutocrats.

SOMETIMES merited vengeance overtakes the irrepressible amateur photographer in his prying prowlings to take "snap shots" with his camera at persons in unconventional attitudes and occupations. The story goes that a near-sighted amateur of Lima took what he thought was a very effective picture of a young lady kissing a young man in a shaded dell near that town. When he developed the picture it proved to be very effective in raising his wrath and chagrin, as the young lady proved to be his wife.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* does not think well of one candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, judging by this excerpt:

> If Virgil P. Kline be really anxious to place his name among the immortals he will persist in his determination to secure the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio. Clement L. Vallandigham, in scoring a defeat for himself by over 100,000 majority for the same office in the same state about a quarter of a century ago, did more to make his name remembered by future generations of Ohioans than he had previously done in all his years of devotion to Democracy and secession.

THE protection policy is advancing. The solid national advantages from this economic policy are so great that the nations are turning to it steadily as a means of rendering themselves commercially independent of the world. All the commercial treaties of France expire in 1892, and it is considered entirely probable that a high protective tariff will come into force, unless a complete change in public opinion is wrought. France has had abundant opportunity to watch the workings of different systems of foreign trade, and appears to have concluded that home industries and home markets are worthy of fostering care. The United States found this out some time ago.

THE scheme is being discussed in New Jersey to amend the constitution of that state so as to forbid the establishment of any school or system of schools which would divert from the public schools pupils which might otherwise attend them. There are cogent arguments in its favor.

THE way in which Uncle JERRY RUSK is taking hold of the department of Agriculture, proves that his Wisconsin friends were not far out of the way when they urged him as a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

THE eagerness of English capitalists to find investments of every character in the United States is a flattering testimony to their belief in the stability and soundness of business conditions under a protective policy.

DID our mugwump friends ever stop to consider that there is no civil service reform in keeping Democrats in office who were put there in violation of its principles?

THERE will be an honest ballot in Tennessee next year in the Congressional elections, or Uncle SAM will know the reason why.

THE Democratic national committee is sending piles of free trade documents to the West in preparation for 1892.

NEARLY a million dollars have been expended at Johnstown, and still there seems to be need of aid.

THE MATTER OF PENSIONS TO UNION VETERANS.

There is a constant snarling and yelping at Pensions Commissioner TANNER by the Democratic and mugwump press, a concerted effort to give the impression that he is doing something he should not do, and that he is squandering money without warrant in law. All this is false. TANNER is endeavoring, as fast as he can, to see that all those veterans who wore the blue and who are, under our pension laws, entitled to relief, shall have it as speedily as possible. That is his duty. It is for this that Congress created the Pension department.

Along with this groundless personal attack on TANNER is a wail over the "enormous sums" paid out for pensions, and a similar effort to make the people of the United States believe that they are spending entirely too much money in this way. This plea is generally stated in substance as follows: "We are paying out some $80,000,000 a year for pensions—a larger sum than any of the European monarchies pay annually for the maintenance of their standing armies."

An examination of this proposition naturally divides itself into two parts. First, are we paying exorbitant and unwarranted sums to each individual pensioner? Second, if not, why is the sum total so large? We will examine these a little.

As to the first proposition, the fact is known to all familiar with the subject that each of the great mass of United States pensioners draws a mere pittance. We are indebted to the *National Tribune* for the following table, compiled from the report of the Commissioner of Pensions. Out of the 326,835 disabled men on his roll,

283 get $1 a month, or 3 cents a day.
2 get $1.37 a month, or 6 cents a day.
31,722 get $2 a month, or 6⅔ cents a day.
3 get $2.12½ month, or 7 cents a day.
4 get $2.25 a month, or 7½ cents a day.
3 get $2.50 a month, or 8⅓ cents a day.
7 get $2.66 a month, or 8⅞ cents a day.
38 get $2.66⅔ a month.
1,935 get $3 a month, or 10 cents a day.
1 gets $3.12 a month, or 10½ cents a day.
348 get $3.75 a month, or 12½ cents a day.
69,210 get $4 a month, or 13⅓ cents a day.
426 get $4.25 a month, or 14 cents a day.
1,462 get $5 a month, or 16⅔ cents a day.
2 get $5.25 a month, or 17½ cents a day.
13 get $5.33 a month, or 17⅔ cents a day.
35 get $5.33⅓ a month.
66 get $5.66⅔ a month, or 18⅞ cents a day.
16 get $5.75 a month, or 19 cents a day.
47,661 get $6 a month, or 20 cents a day.
76 get $6.25 a month, or 21 cents a day.
2 get $6.37 a month, or 21 cents a day.
2 get $6.37½ a month.
2 get $6.62½ a month, or 22 1-5 cents a day.
3 get $6.75 a month, or 22½ cents a day.
215 get $7 a month, or 23 cents a day.
14 get $7.25 a month, or 24 cents a day.
925 get $7.50 a month, or 25 cents a day.
1 gets $7.66⅔ a month, or 25½ cents a day.
21 get $7.75 a month.
63,142 get $8 a month, or 26⅔ cents a day.

That is, the vast number of 32,000 pensioners, or one-tenth of the entire number, get but $2 a month or less; 103,856, or nearly one-third of the entire number, get $4 a month—13⅓ cents a days—or less; 152,237, or nearly one-half the entire number, get but $6 a month—20 cents per day or less; and 216,643, or over two-thirds of the entire number, get but $8 a month—26⅔ cents a day, or less. Hence it is plain that there is no extravagance in individual pensions.

This brings us, then, to the second point in our inquiry—the individual pensions being of such starveling proportions, why is the total so large? This question needs no answer to any one who realizes the tremendous nature of the civil war, and the vast number of men engaged in it. Eighty million dollars a year is a big sum; but it represents the total payment to the disabled and diseased survivors of an army that was fully twice as large as any ever put in the field by any other civilized nation.

An army that did more hard fighting, was in more battles, and lost more in killed and wounded than all Europe since the Napoleonic wars, three quarters of a century ago!

With all the frequent wars that have occurred in Europe since 1815, among all her nations, the sum total does not represent so many battles, so many killed and wounded, and such hard and long protracted campaigning, as the armies of the Union from 1861 to 1865

Let us look at the figures a minute. Capt. PHISTERER, U. S. A., in his "Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States," gives a table of the men furnished by each state and territory under the various calls for troops, which he reduces to the three-years' standard—giving a total of 2,320,272 men who served for three years, unless killed or wounded, or discharged on account of sickness.

He also gives a total of 2,261 engagements fought from the firing on Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, to KIRBY SMITH'S surrender, May 26, 1865. In these battles and skirmishes, over 400,000 Union soldiers lost their lives. Here is a comparison of this loss with European armies:

> This is double the number of the entire army of Great Britain, 143,000 more than there are in that of Austro-Hungary, and four-fifths as many as France and Germany have on their rolls. It is more men than Napoleon arrayed against the famous Sixth Coalition of England, Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Spain, and twice as many as he had under him when he began his last campaign, which ended at Waterloo. Our war lasted nearly seven times as long as the Franco-Prussian struggle, and we lost over six times as many killed on the field of battle as the Germans lost in overrunning the whole of France.

Is it not plain, then, with this enormous death-loss, and considering the fact that the wounded always number, in a battle, several times as many as the killed—and remembering the further fact that there were thousands upon thousands who lost their health while marching through mud and rain, camping on the wet ground, and enduring the hardships of the soldier's life in those long years of bloody strife—that the money paid for pensions, while large in the aggregate, is in nowise wasted or thrown away?

One point more, and we are done for this time: The cry that we are paying more money for pensions each year than any great European nation is paying yearly for its standing armies, is untrue. Here is a comparison:

> These are some "comparisons with European countries," which should be made when considering the aggregate cost of the pension roll. Germany spends $105,614,000, France $121,000,000, Russia $125,000,000, Great Britain $91,000,000. Austro-Hungary $50,000,000, Italy $41,000,000 a year—$433,000,000 in all —in supporting armies which in 75 years have not done altogether as much hard fighting as the armies to which these pensioners who receive $80,000,000 belonged did in four years.

DON'T RISK IT.

In two or three weeks after the commencement of D. R. LOCKE'S new story, we expect to receive hundreds of subscriptions with the request to begin with next week's issue, containing its initial chapters. And we also fear that we will be unable to do so. Those who delay sending in their clubs run the risk of not obtaining the commencement of the story. Don't do it! Send in your clubs *now*, and there will be no danger. We shall supply all orders for back numbers cheerfully, of course, so long as we have them, but we shall not print an enormous number and run the risk of having no calls.

Send in clubs *at once*, and there will be no trouble.

THE total fire losses in the United States and Canada for the first half of the present year was $64,286,000. This is an actual loss to the capital of the country of nearly one hundred and thirty millions a year—a tax on the community, in fact. If it were the tariff, now, what a howl would go up! Yet the greater portion of this loss is entirely preventable by proper construction of buildings.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTORAL REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The depth of the conviction that the prevailing election laws and methods of balloting are inadequate and that there needs to be some check introduced in electoral methods whereby bribery, illegal voting and similar crimes shall be rendered practically impossible, is shown by the fact that within one year nine states have placed upon their statute books new ballot laws embracing sweeping reforms, and all based upon the model furnished by the Australian ballot system. These nine states are Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Wisconsin. The Massachusetts law was passed in 1888, and the remaining eight have all been enacted this year. In several other states bills have been drafted, but were not acted upon by the legislatures before adjournment, for lack of sufficient time for discussion, or other reasons. There is no doubt that within the next year a larger number of states will adopt this necessary reform, with the advantage of the experience gained in the practical operation of the laws in the states which have already put the method into practical operation.

The new ballot laws in these nine states follow the lines of the Australian system very closely, and consequently have a strong family resemblance, the variations being only on minor points. The four vital points of the Australian scheme are:

First—Absolute secrecy of the ballot to every voter.

Second—Tickets printed and distributed at the public expense.

Third—None but official ballots to be used.

Fourth—Provisions for nominations outside of regular political parties.

As to secret voting, everyone of these nine new state laws require the erection of booths or compartments, into which the voter, after entering the polling place and securing his ticket, shall retire, and where he shall be absolutely secure from observation while he marks his ticket. The number of these booths or compartments, in proportion to the number of voters at the precinct, varies in the different states, however. The Massachusetts law says not less than one for every seventy-five voter. The Indiana law divides the whole state into voting precincts, each containing "as nearly as practicable two hundred voters," each polling place to be provided with three compartments. The Montana and Wisconsin laws require one compartment for every fifty voters, or fraction thereof; the Rhode Island, Missouri and Connecticut laws require not less than one for each one hundred voters; the Tennessee law not less than three, and the Minnesota law not less than two for each one hundred.

As will be seen, this slight variation will not affect the matter of allowing sufficent time very greatly. If too few are found to have been provided, an amendment can easily be made to the law at the next legislative session. The important provision is that all except illiterate and physicially disabled voters are absolutely alone while preparing their ballots. For these classes, there are officers sworn to absolute secrecy, one of whom at the request of such incapacitated person, is allowed to enter the booth with him and mark his ticket under the voter's direction.

The method of marking the ballots varies somewhat. In Massachusetts, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota and Connecticut the voter is required to place an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. In Indiana he is required to make the mark with an official stamp furnished by the election officers for the purpose. In Missouri he is required to erase the names of all candidates on the ticket except those for whom he wishes to vote. Blanks are provided under every office for the insertion of the name of any candidate whose name is not on the official tickets for whom the voter desires to cast his ballot.

Under the second head, there is absolute unanimity in the new laws. Every one of the nine laws provides that the ballot shall be printed and distributed at the public expense. This provision takes away all excuse for assessments upon candidates and removes from the polls all ticket-peddlers, "workers" and "heelers," whose presence, obtrusiveness and general offensiveness have in many cases made the voting-places a nuisance to respectable citizens, and led men of cleanly instincts to neglect the exercise of the right of suffrage rather than to run the gauntlet of these fellows.

There is substantial unanimity on the third point. While every one of the nine laws forbids the use of other than the official ballots, there is considerable variety in the methods provided for the marking of the official ballots by the election officers in such a way as to prevent the use of imitations. The Massachusetts law requires that

> On the back and outside, when folded, shall be printed, "Official ballot for," followed by the designation of the polling place for which the ballot is prepared, the date of the election, and a fac simile of the signature of the secretary of the commonwealth or city clerk who has caused the ballot to be printed.

The Indiana law requires the poll clerks to write their initials in ink on the backs of the ballots. The Montana law requires the election officers to stamp on the back of each ballot, before handing the same to the voter, the words "Official ballot." The Rhode Island and Tennessee laws copy the Massachusetts method. The Wisconsin, Minnesota and Missouri laws require the poll clerks to write their initials on the backs of the ballots, and the Connecticut law requires them to write their full names on the back.

Under the fourth head—making provision for the printing of the names of of other candidates on the official tickets, besides the regular nominees of parties—every one of the nine laws contains, with slight modifications, the principle allowing independent nominations by means of petitions or nomination papers. In this way citizens who are dissatisfied with all the regular nominations for a given office can, by uniting in favor of a suitable candidate, have his name printed upon all the official ballots, and have it distributed at the polls on equal terms with the names of the regular party candidates. This is the most deadly blow that could be aimed at the evil of packed caucuses and conventions, and will lead to better nominations in cases where an improper element has hitherto held sway. Ballot reform has come to stay, and every honest American citizen should give it his hearty and earnest support.

BE QUICK!

Be quick in getting up your clubs of three-months' subscribers to THE BLADE so that their subscriptions may all begin with next week's number—that for July 25, containing the first instalment of Mr. LOCKE'S new story. The demand will be great, and we may not be able to supply back numbers but a short time. If you have not yet sent for special club terms, do so *at once.*

A CORPSE is not capable of being held for a debt down in Tennessee. In Nashville, the other day, an undertaker tried to hold a corpse for $5 due for embalming, but a son of the dead man brought suit and was given the body.

NEXT WEEK

The Blade Will Publish the First Instalment of

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The Crowning Literary Labor of the Late D. R. Locke's Life

To be Given to the Readers of the Toledo Blade.

In the next issue of the Weekly BLADE we will begin the publication of the last literary work of the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby.") We are certain that our readers will find it in all respects equal their expectations, and prove to be a literary treat of the first magnitude.

The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some forty years ago with the birth of the hero in a miserable log-cabin in that then largely undeveloped region. The story is the life-history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a slatternly mother. Gifted by nature with fine talents, he conquers an education despite the obstacles in his path, as a means to his material advancement. The boy sees, in the community around him, that the men of most influence and of the highest standing among their fellows, are those possessing money, and determines to become wealthy in order to be able to obtain influence. His school career and his apprenticeship in a country printing office, are sketched with that absolute fidelity to the reality which was so characteristic of the famed author's "Nasby" letters. The hero's character, warped by his early life and low station, and its gradual development along selfish lines when he reached manhood's years, is pictured with the faithfulness of a photograph. It is a study from life, drawn by a master-hand.

The hero, in his morbid craving for power and position, is irresistibly attracted toward a political career. He studies law and enters politics, and his ambition becomes centered on reaching the Presidency itself. His methods as a politician give pertinence to the title of the story—"The Demagogue." The political scenes are literally drawn from life, and in more than one case there are men of national reputation who will recognize the events narrated as strictly true, the veil of fiction being drawn only over the names of the participants. The hero's political career begins just before the outbreak of the great civil war, and those who recall the intensity of feeling then existing can realize dimly the magnificent use Mr. LOCKE made of the opportunities it presented for the vivid delineation of such a career.

Every character in the story is a clear-cut, sharply-defined personality. The old backwoods doctor; the kind old farmer who gave the hero his first lift in life, through the childish championship of his golden-haired little daughter; the law clerk who first fathomed the real nature of the hero, and who, for the love of a woman, kept on his track with the pertinacity and deadly purpose of a bloodhound on the trail; the family into which the hero married, in order to better his own fortunes; the unloved wife; are each an individual study, and pass before the reader, not as half-seen, shadowy forms, but as living, breathing entities, whom you are compelled to recognize as being human in every sense of the word. Mr. LOCKE had a very wide experience among men; he was a student of human nature, and he draws their excellencies, their nobler traits, with as kindly and truthful hand as he is pitiless in depicting baseness and hypocrisy and the evil which is blended with the good in humanity.

This story, in depicting the history of the man whose career named it "The Demagogue," and the other characters, though hardly inferior in importance, however, whose lives are involved in that career, comes nearer to being "the great American novel" than any work yet written. The manuscript is now being read and revised by a friend of Mr. LOCKE, with whom the latter had often discussed the story. No changes whatever will be made in it, save they should be necessary to preserve the unities of time and place.

It is the only unpublished manuscript from D. R. LOCKE'S pen in existence and it is safe to say that upon it he spent more time and labor than upon anything else that he ever wrote. He desired it to take the post of honor among American novels, and we have no doubt that it will be awarded that position through its own intrinsic merits. It is strong, true to life, and distinctively American. It is, in fact, "the great American novel."

Look out for it in the Weekly BLADE of July 25—that is, next week.

"TREAT THE BOYS WELL."

Commissioner TANNER talks frankly and fairly of the situation. He talks as a soldier should and as a soldier will. "Treat the boys well" were the only instructions he received, and there is not a patriotic citizen who will not echo them. Copperhead Democrats may complain because the men who saved the country they hoped to ruin are being taking care of, but the man who would have gone to the fight had he been old enough does not begrudge the money which a rich nation gives to those who did.

The pension idea which would make easy the days of those too lazy to work, is not American. It is European.

The pension idea which would reward those whose early work r

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

The Editor of "The Blade" on a Brief Tour Across the Sea.

Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sailed for Europe on Wednesday, July 3, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

A DAY ON WILLIS FARM.

A Hawk, a Snake, a Ground Hog, and a Bear Keep Johnnie Hustling.

'Johnny, git your gun!"

"That," said Miles Boyd, the gun man, "wasn't any one singing the refrain of the popular but somewhat frayed comic song, but was the impassioned exclamation of Farmer John Willis, of Sullivan county, at whose house among the hills I was a guest last week. Farmer Willis was doing the chores about the barnyard one morning His chickens were scratching and picking away in his immediate vicinity, confident, no doubt, in the fact of his protecting presence, when a cheeky hawk, unmindful of his presence, swooped down from somewhere and swooped away again with one of the over-confident chickens before the farmer's very eyes. To add to the audacity and aggravating nature of the act, the hawk lit on the branch of a dead tree, not a hundred yards away, and proceeded there and then to rend the still squalking member of the farmer's feathered flock, and make a breakfast on it. The daring performance knocked Farmer Willis speechless for a moment, but when the momentary paralytic wave had passed and released his vocal organism, he raised his voice and yelled:—

"'Johnny git your gun!"

"Johnny is Farmer Willis's hired man, John Grimes Everybody calls him Johnny. He has a gun. He keeps it ready to hand behind the kitchen door. Johnny at the time the farmer issued his startling order was greasing a set of single harness on the back stoop. He heard his employer's call, and instantly obeyed it. He hadn't seen the coming down nor the going up of the hawk, but he ran with his gun to the barnyard.

"'Yonder he is, goil ding him!' exclaimed the farmer, pointing to the feasting hawk in the dead tree. 'He's got the dominick hen! Whang him!'

"The range was a little too long for the capacity of Johnny's gun, so Johnny attempted to creep up on the hawk and get a sure shot. But the hawk didn't have that proverbial eye of his for nothing, and before Johnny and his gun reached a point at which danger threatened him, the hawk gathered together the remnants of the chicken, and in a very short time was a speck against the sky, and a cannon couldn't have reached him.

"'Them ding hawks gits sassier and sassier every day!' exclaimed Farmer Willis. 'We'll have to be chainin' the house down next, or they'll carry that off!'

"Johnny went back with his gun and put it in its place behind the door, and resumed his work on the harness, Farmer Willis proceeded with his chores. His wife was weeding onions in the garden down back of the house. The excitement caused by the attack of the hawk on the poultry and his deliberate but masterly retreat with his plunder had passed away. A half hour later up from among the green things growing there came a shrill and penetrating shriek:

"'Johnny, git yer gun!'

"It was the voice of Mrs. Farmer Willis. It was burdened with alarm. Johnny dropped his harness and once more snatched the gun. Down through the garden he sped, followed by Farmer Willis, who had heard his wife's shriek.

"'Yonder he goes!' screamed the excited farmer's wife. 'Down yender he runs to'ards the brush lot! He's got one o' my old Seabright hen's chickens!'

"'It's a ding funny hawk to be runnin,'!' said Farmer Willis, puffing hard.

"'Tain't no hawk,' replied his wife. 'It's a black snake, and he's as big as any bean pole.'

"Johnny had hurried on with his gun, but the black snake had escaped with his prize to his hiding place, and couldn't be found.

"'Agriculter'l pursuits seems lively this mornin',' growled Farmer Willis, mopping his head with his bandanna, and walking back toward the barnyard. 'Specially in the poultry department.'

"Mrs. Farmer Willis, bemoaning the taking off of her peeping pet, resumed her work among the onions. Johnny lugged his gun back and put it behind the kitchen door, and busied himself in softening the harness once more. The usual calm rested on and about the farm, and remained unbroken for an hour or so, when it was suddenly ruffled again. This time a piping alarm came from the meadow near the house. Farmer Willis's twelve-year-old Tommy, stood on the stone wall waving his chip hat. It was his thin trebie that set the household by the ears this time.

"'Johnny git your gun!' it piped.

"Johnny dropped his harness and grabbed his gun. Down toward the meadow he dashed on the double-quick. Farmer Willis dashed after him, Mrs. Willis brought up the rear.

"'There's a big ground hog got his hole in the meddel!' said Tommy, when the family contingent arrived panting on the scene. 'I seen him, an' he's eat up half an acre o' the best clover.'

"'Hawks, snakes and ground hogs 'll raise the price of produce on the farm more than amazin', if they keep on,' exclaimed Farmer Willis, and he told Johnny to find the ground hog and kill it on sight. Then he and his wife returned to their respective duties. Johnny laid for the ground hog until dinner time, but the ground hog kept to his hole. Then Johnny raised the siege and went to the house. After dinner the farmer and Johnny filled their pipes and were enjoying a consoling smoke on the back stoop, when they saw a man coming down the road toward the house on a dead run. It was neighbor Sam Bush. Neighbor Sam paused at the big farm gate a moment to catch his breath, and then burst out with:—

"'Johnny, got your gun!'

"Johnny jumped for the gun again, and the family followed him to the gate to hear what new danger was threatening the prosperity of Willis farm.

"'A siamund' big bear has jest come outen your sheep pastur',' said Sam, 'and has gone inter the beech with one o' your lambs!'

"'Well, there!' exclaimed Farmer Willis. 'If night don't come pooty soon I wouldn't be willin' to give six dollars fer all that'll be left on this farm w'en it does come!'

"Then Johnny and the gun and the farmer and neighbor Sam started for the beech to get the bear. I had to leave for home, and I haven't heard whether they got it or not."

What Not to Say.

There are several "don'ts" which should be observed whenever two or more women are gathered together, but which, alas, are frequently disregarded. For instance, don't say to a friend, "How stout you are growing." No lady likes to be told that she is growing or has grown stout. If it be a fact, she is doubtless well aware of it and anxious to keep others from discovering it.

Don't say, "How thin you are," either, for both women and men loathe to be told that they are either stout or thin. Unless you can say, "How well you are looking," it is better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend.

Don't tell a friend who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger than in anything you have ever seen her wear. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. This is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you have no such thought.—*Dress.*

He Had Ten Dollars.

"I've got a Martha Washington, two Hancocks and a Gen. Grant," is the way a Washington sport announces his possession of $10 in small bills by the vignettes on their faces.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XVI.

SOLDIERS' MARCHING SONG.

(Published by request.)

Steadily we march along,
Join we in the marching song,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart
Bearing each a soldier's part.
Come what will beneath the sun
We are soldiers marching on,
'Neath the old flag flying free—
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Timing step to marching song;
What though the roads be wet or dry?
Though be bright or dark the sky.
We are soldiers bound to win,
Marching on through thick and thin,
'Neath our banner flying free—
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along
Ringing out the marching song;
What though rough is soldier's fare
We are still our country's care.
All its hope and all its love,
And its flag is bright above,
Flying stainless, flying free,
As we march to victory.

Steadily we march along
To the soldier's marching song,
Little care we, nothing fear,
If our country's foe be near.
We are ready for the fight,
For the battle of the right,
'Neath the old flag flying free—
Starry sign of victory.

YES, I WOULD THE WAR WERE OVER

(Answer to "When this Cruel War is Over.")

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.
—Published by Request.

Yes, I would the war were over,
Would the cruel work were done;
With my country undivided,
And the battle fought and won.
Let the contest now before us,
Be decided by the sword,
For the war cannot be ended
Till the Union is restored.

CHORUS.

Yes, I would the war were over,
Would the cruel work were done,
With my country still united,
And the many states in one.

Dead upon the field of battle,
Husbands, sons and brothers lie;
Friends are waiting wives and mothers,
Looking for them, bye and bye.
Far away from home for over,
Many a noble boy lies slain;
Look not for thy child, fond mother,
Thou shalt see him not again.

CHORUS—Yes, I would the war were over, &c.

Yes, I would the war were ended,
And that cruel struggle o'er.
But our flag must be defended,
And our country as before.
Peace indeed, is Heaven's blessing,
Though its joys are easy lost,
Still we'll battle for our nation,
Whatsoe er it yet may cost.

CHORUS—Yes, I would the war were over, &c.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

(Another version—Published by Request.)

Rally round the flag, boys, give it to the breeze,
That's the banner we love, on the land and seas;
Brave hearts are under ours, let the traitor brag,
Gallant lads, fire away! and fight for the flag!
Gallant lads, fire away! and fight for the flag!
Rally round the flag, boys, give it to the breeze,
That's the banner we love, on the land and seas;
Let our colors fly, boys, guard them day and night,
For victory is liberty, and God will bless the right!
Then rally round the flag, boys, rally round, rally round,
Rally round the flag, boys, rally round the flag!

CHORUS:—Rally round flag, boys, rally round, rally round,
Rally round the flag, boys, rally round the flag.
Their flag is but a rag. Ours is the true one,
Up with the stars and stripes, down with the new one!
Brave hearts are under ours, Let the traitor brag, etc.

THE OTHER SIDE.

How the Whipping Post Works in Delaware.

"Our whipping post doesn't seem to take very well with your people up here," said Governor Biggs, of Delaware, shortly after he had made his great "short talk" at the Tammany centennial. I told him that there did seem to be something of a feeling in New York against the whipping post and other methods of sixteenth century punishment.

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "we are old-fashioned people down in Delaware, and I presume we are away behind the times in a good many things, and rather set in our ways, and that method of dealing with certain classes of criminals is one of our ways. Now I am not an apologist for the whipping post, because I don't believe that Delaware needs any apologies to be made for her people or her acts, and if I did they wouldn't come with very good grace from her executive; but I can tell you some facts.

"There is not in the state of Delaware to-day a single penitentiary. If a man beats his wife, or sets fire to a neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals, with full time and opportunity to learn all their tricks of devilry that he did not know before. As a preventive of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in the penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for a second dose. He simply leaves the state. Maybe he comes to New York; I don't know. At any rate he seeks another home, and you may rest assured that if he stays in Delaware he lives a very quiet life. To be sure it is a relic of barbarism, but it is our way."

A PARABLE,

In Which the Merits of Advertising are Discreetly Set Forth.

Puck.

There was once a Long-headed Man who invented a Household Utensil of such General Utility that instead of giving it a Name, setting forth an Intelligent Idea of its character, he called it simply a Good Thing. So Proud was he of his Good Thing that he would not make its Existence known to the Press. "If People will not come in and ask for a Good Thing," he would say, "I don't Propose to go to the Trouble of telling Them about It. If People don't know It when they see It, they must suffer the Consequences of their Blindness." When a Mortgage was Foreclosed on him a Little Later, the Successful Bidder Advertised the Good Thing in Several Papers, and he had Difficulty in Employing a sufficient number of Men to fill the Red Wagons that Backed up at his Door. The Moral of this Tale is in the possession of our Advertising Agent, who will Disclose it in all its variegated beauty to all inquirers on receipt of Stamp for Return Postage.

Gen. Grant's Matrimonial Devotion.

It is doubtful whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an instance of matrimonial devotion as that lately told of Gen Grant, says the New York *Graphic*. When the honors came upon the Grants, like sorrows to the house of Denmark, "not single spies, but in battalions," the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross-eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and womanlike (am I right mesdames?), gave way when she saw her husband, and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said in his simple way, "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Neither Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattox.

The Retort Severe.

Simon Greenleaf, the eminent jurist, who for fourteen years previous to his appointment as professor in the Harvard Law School was a practicing lawyer in Portland, had a charming daughter. A foppish young man, named Barrell, meeting her at a social gathering in this city one evening in early spring, remarked to her that he had that day seen in Deering's woods something that reminded him of her. When asked what it was, said, "A green leaf." "And I saw something this morning from my window that reminded me of you." "May I ask what it was?" said the youth. "An empty barrel!"—*Portland Transcript.*

The Money of the World.

The world's coinage for 1888 was £58,500,529, against £56,729,000 in 1887.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER HOAX.

True History of the Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance Association of Washington.

There was probably nothing in connection with ex-President Hayes's administration which attracted such widespread attention, and which, coupled with Mrs. Hayes's abrogation of the time-honored custom of serving wines at the state dinners, did so much to stimulate the talk of petticoat influence at the White House as the notorious "Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance association," says a Washington special to the Pittsburg *Post*. The reading public believed that she was the patron saint of the association, and the cold water societies all over the country were as happy as clams at high tide at being able to point to a mistress of the White House who had the courage to lead the charge against the wine cup. These persons have never been disillusionized, and it is doubtful whether Mrs. Hayes herself did not die in ignorance of the true character of the association which bore her name.

History affords no better example of what a a few newspaper men, when acting in unison, are able to foist upon an unsuspecting public than this same "Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance Association." The true history of that society is here written for the first time.

In 1877, when President Hayes entered the White House, there were working in Washington three newspaper men, John B. McCarty, on the local staff of the Baltimore *News*; James B. McNabe, on the local force of the Baltimore *Gazette*, and Henry Noyes, on the Washington *Star*. All were young men of brilliancy and talent. McNabe, like many others in his profession, was a bon vivant, fond of convivial society, and apt, on occasions, to look too often on the wine when it was red. His two companions were not only total abstainers, but inclined to be rather "cranky" on the subject. They had been trying to reclaim McNabe for some time, and occasionally with such success that he would make tentative efforts to reform.

One evening after McNabe had recovered from a rather prolonged debauch the three men were sitting around the police station (a fashional cussion with nigger porters) swapping yarns. Finally McCarty and Noyes began expatiating on the evils of intemperance. McNabe, rather to check a disagreeable discussion than in a spirit of seriousness, proposed that they all join a temperance society. And then and there was organized the "Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance Association," with Noyes as president, McCarty as vice president and McNabe as secretary and treasurer.

That is all the society ever consisted of. The next day McNabe, McCarty and Noyes spread the news of the organization to the winds. After that the three members met at the police station every Thursday night to devise ways and means for keeping the society before the public.

Whenever there was any public question pending that was even remotely related to the liquor traffic they would draw up resolutions, which were eagerly printed by the press associations and the local papers.

In this way the doings of the association became matter of common gossip all over the country, and it is said that on one occasion Mrs. Hayes, who thought it was a bona fide society for the suppression of intemperance, sent them some flowers.

And thus for three years the "association" went on receiving each Thursday night until Mrs. Hayes went to Philadelphia in 1880 to be present at the launching of John Roach's steamer City of Pekin. The next day the Philadelphia *Press* said that Mrs. Hayes had, at a luncheon given in her honor on the previous day, taken a few sips of claret punch That evening the three newspaper men met and proceeded to resolute that whereas, etc., "the Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance Society" has heard with regret, etc. (then going on to recite the alleged indulgence of Mrs. Hayes in the wine), "be it resolved," etc., "that we do now disband."

This resolution, as usual, was given to the press, and was everywhere greeted with a storm of scathing criticism. The members of the association were called a lot of "narrow, bigoted, presumptuous people," just as though their name was legion. No one ever stopped to inquire who or what they were.

This is the true history of the much abused "Mrs. R. B. Hayes Temperance Association." Of the persons who figured in this famous hoax, Noyes is dead, McCarty is financial secretary of Senator Stanford, and McNabe is in business in Alabama.—*New York Press.*

A MOOT QUESTION.

Speed of Horses in Single and Double Harness.

It has long been a mooted question among lovers of trotting whether two horses evenly matched can trot faster in double harness than either can in single.

Our enterprising contemporary the *Turf, Field and Farm* has put this question to a number of well known gentlemen and publishes the answers in its latest issue.

Most of them are of opinion that the best time can be made in double harness. The weight drawn is then divided between the two horses. It not always is but may be made less than the weight drawn in single harness. Moreover, when two horses are trotting together each stimulates and encourages the other.

A small minority hold to the opinion that a trotter can go faster single than paired with a mate of equal speed.

The weight of expert evidence so far given is in favor of the team. It is a question that has never been decided by the watch, and can be settled only in that way.

The achievement of the late W. H. Vanderbilt has often been cited. He drove Aline and Maud S. a mile in 2:15¾. That was a remarkable performance. Mr. Vanderbilt was not a professional driver and the team was handicapped by a weight—man and wagon—of four hundred and twenty-five pounds—two hundred and twelve and a half for each horse. Several seconds better time might have been made by a professional driver of a hundred and fifty pounds in a skeleton wagon weighing a hundred pounds. That would have reduced the weight to two hundred and fifty pounds, or one hundred and twenty-five for each horse.

But that great performance throws little light on the question under consideration. Aline went three and three-quarter seconds better than her best time in single harness. On the other hand, Maud S. trotted five seconds below her then record. The team was not evenly matched. Maud S. carried her mate faster than the latter could go alone.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Didn't Catch His Meaning.

A man was sitting in a street car yesterday when a short, fat man climed aboard and at once began fanning himself with his hat. "Well, this is a hot day, ain't it?" said he, addressing his neighbor.

"Beg pardon?" said the man.

"I say it's a pretty hot day!" repeated the short, fat man, raising his voice.

The other put his hand to his ear and answered: "I didn't quite catch that; please repeat it."

The little man's ears grew red as he shouted: "It's a hot day, I tell you!" and people in the back seats began to titter.

"I'm a little deaf," responded the first man. "If you will raise your voice."

"Confound it, sir!" howled the little man, perspiring like a sponge. "I say it's hot! hot! hot, I tell you! hot day! D'you hear that?"

The other shook his head, and the little man, casting a look of wrath on him, alighted. Then the first man looked around on the passengers and chuckled gleefully.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Not Versed in the Philadelphian Way.

A young Englishman the other day was relating his first experience at an ice cream table with a Philadelphia girl. He said: "I was utterly broken up and astounded, don't you know, when, after finding a strawberry in her half-finished plate of cream, she fished it out on her spoon and offered it to me.

"'Won't you have it?' she asked.

"'No, indeed,' I replied, no doubt looking the horror I felt in my soul.

"'Why not?' she demanded, seeming to be hurt by my refusal.

"'Why, my dear girl, don't you know,' I explained, 'you have had that spoon in your mouth.'

"'Well, what of that?' she pouted prettily, as she made her perfectly paralyzing reply. 'You'd kiss that mouth if I'd let you, wouldn't you?' I confessed that I would be only too glad to do so, and since then I have made it my business to get better accustomed to the ways of the place."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Now Raspberries are Cheap.

Raspberry shortcake is seasonable just now. For it a paste can be made of one quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard two and a half cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk, the yolks of two eggs beaten, salt and one teaspoonful of soda, sifted through the flour. Put a bottom crust of this in a pan, pile on the berries sprinkled with sugar, cover with another crust, and bake until brown. It will take less than half an hour, and must not stand in a slack oven and dry. This shortcake is to be eaten with butter and sugar.

LOVE, BEFORE AND AFTER.

What is a girl's life, pray?
A little garden space
Within whose every spring
She sees her beauteous face;
Where she is sole possessor
Of all she hears and sees,
From the fluting of birds in summer
To the honey of the bees;
Rosy wreaths and strings of pearl
All belong to the happy girl.

And what is a boy's life, pray?
A quick, shady nook,
Where he has nothing to do but play,
Nor ever read a book;
A kingdom of contentment,
Which every hour discloses
Some new delight of sense and sight,
Fresh growth of sweeter roses;
A rich inheritance of joy,
That crowns with light the happy boy.

We might be more than happy
And lead such perfect lives,
If all of us were children
And none were husbands, wives;
But boys grow, and girls grow,
Together or apart,
Till some day each discovers
The other has a heart.
This halves their joys and doubles their cares,
And ends in wrinkles and gray hairs;
In the feet that rock the cradle,
In hands that toil for bread;
The trouble about the living,
The sorrow above the dead.

What can we do, then? Nothing more
Than those who begot and bore us;
They make our lives before us
As theirs were made before.
We must be up and doing,
Maidens flying and men pursuing;
Then hey! for billing and cooing,
And ho! for wooing and winning.
The world will never mend;
Love was before the beginning,
And will be after the end.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

A Wide Difference.

An exchange truly remarks that "the great difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party is that one is a party of the ideas and purposes which tend to national progress and social betterment, while the other is a party of negations and oppositions without any definite, assertive, vitalizing ideas of its own."

Dreams of Girls.

Somerville Journal.

How seldom do our dreams come true!
The very thing our fancy lets
Us hope in time will be our own
Some other fellow always gets.

We fall in love; the mind's diseased,
The brain is in a foolish whirl;
And while we worship from afar
Some other fellow gets the girl.

Ah! what a torment life would be
If we were of the hope bereft
That in some fairer world than this
That other fellow would get left!

Why Foraker is Popular.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Cleveland *Leader* thinks that Foraker will be re-elected, because he is one of the highest types of the genuine American. A better reason could not be given.

The Mother's Influence.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The mother is the light and life of the home—and upon the home rests the hope of all that is best in life. A boy or girl, with a dissipated, reckless father may, and often is, an ornament to society—but when the mother is wrong, the home is, as a rule, wrecked and ruined.

The Regular Thing.

The Buffalo *Express* remarks that the Democrats are claiming Massachusetts in the election for governor. This is the same old claim we have heard so many times before at this season of the year, and which gets lost regularly in a Republican plurality wave of from 10,000 to 20,000.

So Think Most of the Irish, Too.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

With all due respect for the Irish race, the American people have about reached the conclusion that we have no use in the United States for such organizations as the Clan-na-Gael, and think the sooner it is disbanded the better it will be for Irishmen and the so-called Irish cause.

An Admirable Idea.

Here's an idea that is so admirable that it should be carried out all over the country:

Burlington Free Press.

The Pennsylvania railroad has done well is issuing orders requiring the thorough cleaning and disinfection of all its passenger coaches at least once a week. Some of the public libraries in Massachusetts have adopted a similar regulation requiring the disinfection of books.

He Must Have Missed Jones.

Portland Oregonian.

John Reidy, of Detroit, masqueraded for twelve years as a woman, and during that time received four proposals of marriage. Evidently Senator Jones did not meet him, or the number of proposals might have been increased to five.

Let Us Have Mail Communication.

The Washington *Press* gets a tail hold on the eternal verities when it declares: "Call it 'subsidy,' call it 'robbery,' call it any name you please, the fact remains that the only means by which our shipping interests can be revived is by aid from the national treasury. In this we must either do what is done by all the commercial nations of Europe, or continue to be oversiaughed by them. The hard sense of the people appreciates this fact. The country is impatient for the work to be entered upon."

Still Awaiting an Explanation.

Boston Journal.

We do not notice that the free trade papers give us any explanation of the curious phenomenon exhibited in the fact that hundreds of millions of dollars of English capital are flowing into this country to be invested under the blighting influence of a protective tariff.

A Reminiscence.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

If the weather were not so hot, Lawyer Cleveland would try and understand how President Harrison manages to make so many speeches along the line of his vacation trip without borrowing facts and figures from the American Encyclopedia.

A Wrong That Must Be Righted.

An Eastern Republican contemporary puts the Southern situation in a nutshell thus: "The seven Southern states of Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, having 59 votes in the electoral college and 59 members of Congress, cast 856,082 votes, all told in the last election, while New York, with only 36 votes in Congress and the electoral college, cast 1,331,680 votes. Ought this bald inequality to continue? Does not justice demand that it shall cease? The South should either permit the negroes to vote or cease to count them as the basis of representation in Congress and in the choice of President."

An Extra Session Wanted.

New York Herald, Dem.

President Harrison is reported as thinking that the reasons in favor of an extra session of Congress early in October are stronger than those against it. We think the President is right. The coming Congress will have a great deal of important work to do. Mersures of vital concern to the public, already too long neglected, will demand attention. Tariff revision alone will claim much time. Legislation for the relief of the Supreme court is imperative. The new apportionment will be a matter of far reaching consequence. In the Senate the Samoan and other important treaties will come up for consideration.

The Louisville *Journal* must be edited by a Benedict. It says: "When a man makes up his mind that he has got to economize, his first impulse always is to begin by inquiring into his wife's personal expenses."

Just So.

Judge.

When you find a man who hates newspapers you want to forgive him, because his conduct has made it necessary for the newspapers to hate him.

Praise From Sir Hubert.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. William Walter Phelps exhibited excellent taste in declining to be banqueted as a hero of the Samoan conference. He thought it improper to pose in that capacity in the absence of his co-laborers, Mr. Kasson and Mr. Bates; and his words of tribute to both those gentlemen were as generous as they were truthful. Mr. Phelps adds modesty and common sense to distinguished success—a rare combination.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* makes the excellent suggestion that if Dr. Brown-Sequard wants to make a proof test of his elixir of life let him try it on the Democratic party. If he can make that "live and flourish like a green bay horse," anything on this green earth will have a right to perpetuity.

A Poetic Tribute.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hassein Ghooly,
The durned fool, he
Fumed and swore about our journalistic tone.
Why in thunder,
Didn't the dunder-
Head procure a daily paper of his own?

An Illustrious Convert.

Chicago Journal.

The report in court circles of Europe that Augusta Victoria, Empress of Germany, has become a convert to Roman Catholicism, is the most interesting rumor of the month. Since the time of Frederick the Great, Prussia has been the protector of Protestants and Protestantism, and the Hohenzollerns have all been pervervid Lutherans. It is a more than ordinary swing of the pendulem that can send the wife of Bismarck's imperial master to Canossa, after all the decrees against Jesuits, convents and monasteries.

Didn't They Do It?

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Colorado girl has eloped with another girl. But can you do that?

The Doctor's Small Boy.

A shoe merchant's small boy at St. Louis, Mich., painted on the fence: "If you want good shoes go to Mr. ——." Dr. Case's small kid witnessed the operation, and, determined to sustain his father's reputation, added to the fence the legend: "If you want good babies go to Dr. Case."

Acknowledging the Obligation.

New York Sun. (Dem.)

As Democrats we say the more Prohibitionists in this state the merrier, but at the same time we must admit that a continuance of the valuable aid which they have been good enough to give the Democrats in years past cannot be depended upon.

As to Mortgages.

Ohio State Journal.

The real estate of Chicago is mortgaged to the extent of $228,000,000. All of the Democratic organs of the Southwest, and about all of the Democratic members of Congress from that region, charge this mortgage indebtedness to the farms of Illinois. It is a bad thing—an inconvenience—to have one's property mortgaged, but what would Chicago (or Columbus for that matter) be to-day except for the ability of people to raise money on mortgages? Mortgage debts are being extinguished and new mortgages are being executed every day, and, as a rule, no one is injured.

In the Soup.

New York Sun, Dem.

Less than ten years ago Mr. Cleveland fell into politics. Last year he was fished out and thrown into the soup, but he still thinks he is in politics. In this conception he is by no means alone. There are other distracted members of the Cleveland movement who think that the soup is still a grand sphere for political ambition.

A Toothless Fife.

Chicago Herald.

It is gratifying to be assured that the Earl of Fife, who is soon to wed the English princess, is a most exemplary man. Fife, it is said, never goes out on a toot.

Tobacco-Chewing for Consumption.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* says: "A Texas physician has made and announced the discovery that chewing tobacco is a a preventive in cases predisposed to tuberculosis. From observations made during 25 years of practice he has solemnly reached the conclusion that the parasite responsible for this dread malady has no more powerful enemy than nicotine If taken in quid doses between the ages of 20 and 30. Smoking, he insists, does no good; the tobacco must be 'chawed' in order to extract the nicotine. This gives hope to the male consumptive, but what of the female? Are the narrow-chested ladies to escape the fell destroyer by decorating the corners of their erst-while rosebud mouths with the mud-colored liquid squeezed from the seductive leaf? Is the cigarette-smoking habit contracted by some of Eve's fair daughters to be backed up by the 'chaw-tobacker' habit? Is gum to give way to fine cut and plug?"

LETTERS TO MRS. HARRISON.

Persistent in Their Remarkable Demands Upon the President's Wife.

The most exacting, time-consuming and laborious portion of the daily routine of chief lady of the White House is her correspondence. One of the principal subjects of correspondence is the request for samples of her inaugural ball costume. They come from feminine sources, of course, and in the appeals for the coveted fragment of the silk-woven homespun textile, the meme of epistolary composition is often reached. In the kindness of her heart Mrs. Harrison has gratified many of these simple appeals from the fabricators of crazy quilts and patchwork, but not to the extent of demolishing the historic gown in which she looked so queenly at the great ball in the vast court of the pension building, but from garments which had seen service in church-going household display, and social duty in times of senatorial dignity and in the retirement of home life at Indianapolis. In this fragmentary form the dresses of former days have disappeared, leaving a decided void in the wardrobe of the first lady.

The fair sex relic hunters of the republic do not stop at samples of inauguration ball dresses, but intersperse their well-intentioned epistolary requests by asking locks from the bounteous tresses which lie in wavy brown masses threaded with gray upon the head of the first lady. There is a limit to the possibilities of nature, and notwithstanding her wreath of the treasured article sought, these requests are respectfully declined, or committed to the silk-lined paper basket where every one must admit they belong. If even a moiety of the appeals for locks of hair for charity or jewelry were gratified, the presiding lady would long since have been driven to such expedients to replace nature's supply known only among the tonsorial mysteries of the wig-maker and the hair-dresser.

Another fruitful theme of epistolary communication between the outside world and the inner circle of the President's family springs from solicitous grandmothers and thrifty matrons who make the care of the inner man their chief delight and study. These have been recipes enough received for bodily ailments, particularly in the infant stages of humanity, to constitute an invaluable pharmacopoeia for White Household practice, but with possible consequences for which no one would care to be responsible. Reams of stationery have been thus traversed by chirographic efforts which might be a sufficient guarantee of the simple-hearted intentions of the writers, but advance little encouragement upon which to a base very high estimate of their learning.

Another field of epistolary effort, and one well worked by the indefatigable wiseacres of a thousand households and communities, is that which blooms in the self-constituted advisory relations of the writer. This would make another chapter of horrors to which the first lady is compelled to submit. She daily receives directions sufficient to run the domestic and social affairs of the White House into the ground without half trying.

Not of His Raising.

"Uncle Ben, your son was fooling around my hen coop last night, and I came very near catching him. He had his hand on a chicken, but let it go when he heard me."

"Boss, did yer say he had his hand on a chicken an' den let it go?"

"I did."

"Den 'twar'n't none ob my son. Dat nigger war'n't none ob my raising."—*Time.*

A Fresh Start.

Mr. Bitteredge—At last I have succeeded in paying every debt before suit was brought, and now my credit is as good as ever.

Mrs. Bitteredge—Isn't that splendid! There are lots of nice things we want right off.—*Puck.*

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

A New Picture.

See announcement in another column. Every subscriber of THE BLADE who has a copy of Christ Before Pilate or Christ on Calvary, should send 25 cents for our new engraving, Christ Teaching in the Temple.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 18 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	25
The five divines	80
The four generals	85
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

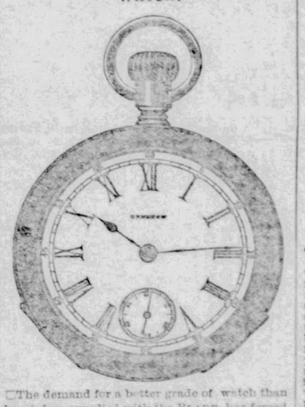
The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

HOW TO FORM A LIBRARY.

Advice Asked About the Books to Begin With.

I HAVE lately received a most earnest letter from the mother of a family, who says she has fifty dollars, which she purposes to spend in books, and she begs to know what ones would be best to purchase, in order to make a good solid foundation for a library. She appears to look at it in the light of so much capital invested for her children, the returns for which she regards as certain.

This is certainly a wise mother. For herself she evidently wants the books in order that she may add to her own knowledge and keep pace with the advancing mental growth of her children. She will intensify their love and respect for her as they pass on to maturity in proportion as she is able to be their guide and leader in all paths that their springing footsteps enter. They must believe her wise, even though she knows herself to be comparatively ignorant.

EASILY OBTAINED.

In these days of many books, where almost every subject under the sun is treated of by careful thinkers and writers, it is not a hard thing to do, to have an intelligent idea of whatever is challenging the interest of the public, and of those things that enter most largely into the education of the young folk. The works that it once took a fortune to buy can now be had for a trifle. The latest discoveries of renowned scientists are poured out without reserve; the researches of the most careful students in all branches of knowledge are, in their results, placed within reach of everybody, so that it is, in most cases, a ck of desire, and not lack of opportunity, that holds people in decided ignorance. And no where is this ignorance more to be deplored than in the mother of a family of children.

I know that it is often hard in the multiplicity of household cares that are constantly springing up with mushroom celerity, to find the time to read with any method. When this is the case, then read without method, only read something of value, something that will give new thoughts, and information of the world's great movements. A good newspaper will go a long way as an educator, that, with a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas forms an equipment which, persistently used, will give an intelligence that is by no means to be despised.

BUY STANDARD WORKS.

One thing more before proceeding to the direct subject matter of to-day's "Talk." It is always best to buy standard works, those which have in themselves the element of life, not the superficial, butterfly kind that strikes the popular taste with favor to-day, and is gone to-morrow, but that whose thought will throb through the ages. Those who are near a public library can find ephemeral literature there, and those who do not, can obtain copies of almost all such books in ten cent editions. Yet if time is limited, the less of that kind of reading which is done, the better.

So much for a few general thoughts. I *shall speak now more particularly* to my correspondent, though the answer to her question will apply to all others who are seeking to collect the best of the world's books to form a library. Of course, I shall only give what will form the nucleus of a large library.

THE BOOKS TO BUY.

You say you have a Bible, a Dictionary, and Macaulay's History of England. So far, so good. Add to these first, a good atlas, and an encyclopedia. The former you can get for four or five dollars, and it is indispensable for intelligent reading. Among the school books you mention, there may perhaps, be one that will answer present purposes. Chamber's Encyclopedia will cost you fifteen or twenty dollars, so will the People's. Then there is the Manifold Cyclopedia, published by John B. Alden, New York, which you can subscribe for, and pay for each volume, 60 cents, as it comes. Fourteen have already been issued. The volumes are small, easily handled, and the information accurate and full enough for general readers.

Having these to begin with, then take up special departments of literature, and I shall give the names of the books or authors in the order in which you should buy them, and they are those recommended by the best authorities. First in history. You have Macaulay's "England," which, though written finely, is yet incomplete. Green's "History of the English People" would be better. That gives something of the philosophy of the events narrated, and extends from the earliest times of England's existence down to the present. Next should come Bancroft's "History of the United States," which is a more expensive work, and yet one that should be in the library of every American citizen. "Guizot's History of Civilization" should have a place next, and follow this with his "History of France."

The first books of poetry to be placed in your library is a volume of Shakespeare. He was and is the world's great poet, and none are more quoted. Then Homer's "Iliad and Odyssey" should find a place, and after that, perhaps, some of the modern writers as Lowell, Whittier, Tennyson and Longfellow. Perhaps I ought to put next to Homer, Dante Milton and Goethe but of course those can come a little later.

ESSAYS AND FICTION.

The first books of essays which I should, advise you to get are those of Emerson. Later on come Ruskin's, Carlyle's and Bacon's. Then for humorous works are those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dickens, Cervantes, Lowell, Nasby and Mark Twain. You will understand that I am only giving you in each department a very few authors who should be first represented in your collection.

In fiction the writers whose works have become classical lead the list; such as Defoe, Goldsmith and Scott. Following, you should have Dickens, George Eliot, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Kingsley and Thackeray.

Coming to science, for general reading you would do well to get "The International Scientific Series," published by the Appleton's, of New York. They give brief but comprehensive surveys of subjects, sufficient for the general reader.

IN SINGLE VOLUMES.

You might purchase some miscellaneous works in single volumes that would be excellent reading. Among good ones are Smiles' "Self-Help." very valuable for young people; "Irving's Sketch Book," a model of graceful writing and full of information; Bacon's "New Atlantis;" Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a most suggestive study of social reform given in the form of an interesting story; and "Morte D'Arthur," the stories of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, which form the woof of so many of the finest works in our literature.

Of course your fifty dollars would be exhausted before a larger part of the books I have mentioned are purchased, but you have the list to refer to as you go on with your collection. Many, indeed most of these authors, are represented by sets, and not by single volumes. I advise you to get them in that way, because thus you can become thoroughly acquainted with each writer before passing on to others, and because your library will be far more complete.

It is not necessary to purchase the finest bindings, but it is wise to buy durable ones that you will not be afraid to have used by your children. Go to some reliable book seller whose advice in this matter can be depended upon.

If there is anything about what I have told you that you do not quite understand, or any further inquiries which you would like to make, write to me and I will answer them to the best of my ability.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To the members of the HOUSEHOLD—July 25, we will begin, as is stated elsewhere, a s ory, "The Demagogue," which was the last literary work of Mr. D. R. Locke, so well known to you as "Nasby." In order that it may be widely read, as it should be, it is hoped that each member of the HOUSEHOLD will make it a matter of personal interest to send to us as many names of persons who do not take THE BLADE as possible, in order that specimen copies containing the announcement of the story may be sent for their perusal.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

JAPANESE SCREEN.—I was much pleased with Ruth's description of her screens. Japanese screens are very pleasing, and are still popular. The frame may be made of pine or any wood desired, and painted over twice with artist's black. If two or three panels are desired a "continuous design" is most satisfactory. Brown duck is used for the panels. This may be tacked on a stretcher and slipped into the frame or stretched and tacked directly to the frame, the edges covered by narrow gilt moulding. Give the duck a coat of thin varnish, then bronze it with dark copper bronze. Trailing vines or scraggy foliage designs are prettiest. These are done in black, crimson, antique, green and pale gold. Japanese figures are not pretty unless well done, and it takes an artist to do them. The other side may be done in oil colors if desired, using a little varnish with the colors. The Japanese motive should be carried out in the oil colors, also. Though not considered permanent, crimson and scarlet lake are nice colors to work with. They are cheap, and do quite as well for decorative work as the more expensive colors. When dry, the frame should be carefully varnished.

I would like to say to the sisters that if all who have written for sketches have not received them, please write again. I think I have sent to all. Also that I will send the designs any time. I have no way of telling them that I decided not to send any more after June 1, but have received so many letters since that I have decided to send to all THE BLADE sisters, if they will have the patience to wait until I draw them.—MRS. J. H. IRONS, Carl Junction, Mo.

GUITAR WHISK-BROOM HOLDER.—Did any of you ever try making a whisk-broom holder in the shape of a guitar? Cover with cardinal velvet or plush; make the strings of gold-colored thread, and run a band of the same material, embroidered in ribbon embroidery, across the bottom to hold your broom, ribbons to hang it by, and it is very pretty. A stand cover made of a quarter of a yard of cardinal plush, edged with deep oriental lace (the kind with a heavy edge) tulled on at the corners, with a row of tinsel cord to hide the stitches, another sewed on the edge, and still another about three inches above the edge, is a thing of beauty. Place diagonally on the stand.

Did any of you ever make a picture drape of the sheet wadding? Take off the outside and paint some pretty design on one end (you will need a sheet of blotting paper under when you paint), catch up in the center with ribbon that corresponds with your painting, finish the ends with little tassels made from embroidery silk the same color as the ribbon, and it is done. The wadding should be white.

TO EXPEL MOSQUITOES.—The *Scientific American* advises, take of gum camphor a piece about ½ the size of a hen's eggs, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and they will not return, even though the windows should be left open all night.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SCALLOP OF NOVELTY LACE.—Described in BLADE of June 13. Ch 5—sl st in 3 ch of preceding row * chain 5—sl st in 3 ch of next row * repeat from * to * four times; this makes 5 loops of 5 ch each—turn—* 20 d c over first loop fasten down on sl st *—repeat from * to * 3 times—10 d c on last loop—5 ch—turn—sl st in center of 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—this makes 4 loops—5 ch—turn—20 d c over first, second and third loops—fasten in sl st between—10 d c on last loop—5 ch—turn—sl st in center of 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—there are 3 loops this time—20 d c over first 2 loops 10 over last—5 c h—turn—sl st in center of 20 d c—5 ch—sl st in 20 d c—only 2 loops—turn—20 d c in first loop—10 in second—5 ch—sl st in center of 20 d c—10 in last—turn—20 d c—fasten down—10 d c over last half of last loop of preceding row—fasten—10 d c on next half—fasten—10 d c on next half—fasten—10 d c on last half of next—fasten—5 ch—turn—fasten in center of first—10 d c * 5 ch—fasten in center of next 10 * repeat from * to * 8 times.—fasten in last one—5 ch—turn—fasten in center of 5 ch—ch 5—fasten in same place—ch 5—fasten in same place—ch 5—fasten in same place—ch 3—fasten in next 5 *—repeat from * to * 9 times—this finishes the scallop—begin at first row. Without the scallop this makes nice insertion. Have tried to make this plain.—BLUE BELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW TO SOLDER.—In this week's BLADE in the HOUSEHOLD directions are given for soldering, and while I do not wish to interfere, I wish to tell, as a tinner, a much better plan. Procure a soldering copper and a dime's worth of sal-ammoniac. File the copper bright on the point faces. Heat it until it is a blue color, remove from the fire and rub quickly over the sal-ammoniac. This cleans the copper thoroughly. Then melt a small drop of solder on the sal-ammoniac and rub as before. If the copper is sufficiently heated it will then be tinned, which is the first step toward soldering.

Tin cannot be soldered with muriatic acid. It is an impossibility. The following flux must be used or even an expert cannot solder it. Take of muriatic acid any quantity, place in a crock; add zinc cut in small pieces. This causes the acid to boil. After boiling has ceased add as much rain water as you had acid. The places to be soldered must be scraped bright, perfectly so, and remember if this is half done the solder will not flow. Use plenty of the above flux. The acid as it is generally called, and you will have no trouble.—C. G. F.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.—For some time it has been my intention to have a little chat with the young girl readers. Most girls have a preference for companions of the opposite sex. It is only natural, but I am sorry to say that they are not careful enough in their selection, and as I once heard a beautiful girl remark, "rather liked gay young men." Girls at the present time are given too much to reading love stories, and a great many papers publish sensational, impure stories. Such literature gives them false ideas of life and is often the cause of the first downward step. It is all very well in a story to go rambling through the woods alone after the world is asleep, or to have clandestine meetings with lovers, etc., but, girls, don't you try to do the same.

Gay young men think nothing of kissing or caressing any girl they chance to go with, but the true gentleman waits until it is his right as an accepted lover to bestow kisses as pure as a mother's upon the girl of his choice. Girls, do not be to quick to accept the offer of a man's hand and heart. Be sure to know your own mind, for it is not always easy to change. First study your own heart and see if he is very dear to you, then study his character and habits, to see if he is worth of your love. Oh! many times it would save a life of misery, if one took time to give the matter serious thought.

My sympathy is with them who love who are unworthy of them. Many blame an innocent girl because she loves some dissipated man, and tries to reform him. I do not. One cannot in all cases love to order, as it were, and should the object be unworthy, do not throw yourself away. It is better to remain true to the ideal you loved, than to marry the man and have that love turned to loathing, as it will sooner or later. A friend of mine loved a handsome, reckless fellow, and would have married him but for her uncle's interference. To this day she is true to the ideal. The man married another, despite his protests of everlasting love, and his wife died of a broken heart, caused by his actions.

She said to me not long since, "You think it strange that I do not marry, but I loved, and still love Hal. Not the living one, but the one I thought him to be. The living one is no more to me than any other man."

Remember that in choosing a man for a life companion, that it is not for a short time only, but probably for a lifetime. I want to caution you about another thing that is very common in small towns. That is the practice of going to the depot to see trains come in. In a short time girls who frequent such places get to be bold and flirt, or try to attract attention. You may not think that you are doing anything wrong, but the habit grows upon one, and no one can tell where it will end.

Young men will notice a pretty girl, and she, doubtless, feels flattered at their attention, and very soon the fresh bloom of innocence gives place to recklessness. Many a girl has been led to her ruin through her love for some man, and he pretending to return her love, persuades her to take the step that ruins her body and soul. Girls, no man who loves a girl, will tempt her to do wrong. If he loves truly he will guard and shield her from all temptation. I am sorry to say that the young men of to-day, as a class, are rather fast, and had I a daughter she should never be allowed to go into society unless accompanied by an older lady.

A girl has the same right to demand purity in her lover as he has to expect it in her. God never intended that the sin was for woman alone. But if a woman sins, society turns its back and no one upholds her. Her betrayer, however, is petted, and made much of, and sooner or later some pure girl will place her hand in his and promise to "honor and obey." He is upheld in his wickedness, while she, the weaker one, is condemned. Wives, mothers, daughters, is it right? In God's eyes whose sin is the greatest?

Dear girls, I beseech you to be careful, and to always shun even the appearance of evil. Don't flirt, or try to in any way attract attention. Be modest and reserved. You will always notice that however well young men seem to like the gay, dashing girls, they seldom care to marry them. They do not care to have their home ruled by such, and will select the retiring, quiet ones to share their homes. Always remember that your mother is your best friend and confidante. Turn your back upon anything that you would not tell her, and do not disobey her, for she has seen more of life than you have, and knows what is best.—MONTANA MAY.

SOME MORE ABOUT DYEING.—Several, lately, have asked me how to dye feathers, velvets, etc., with Diamond dyes, and perhaps some of THE BLADE readers would like directions. No matter what you dye, always prepare it by trying the dry dye on a piece of cheese cloth; then pour warm or hot water over it. It is a good idea to let it remain over night to dissolve. Before adding this dye to the water be sure to strain through cheese cloth. If the above directions are followed, there will be no spots.

In dying velvet, first clean it well with either soap and water or benzine, rinsing well. When the dye is hot, put in the velvet, and let it boil until dark enough. Then hang up to dry. When nearly dry, lay it nap side up to a board, and brush well to raise the nap. Now heat a sheet iron baking-pan, spread over it a damp cloth and pin the velvet over this. Keep on brushing until it looks as it should. Care must be taken to have the velvet almost, if not quite, dry before steaming it, and also to have the cloth that is over the pan damp, not wet, or the velvet will become wet, and the nap flatten instead of raise. To do velvet nicely one must give her whole attention to it. In drying feathers, after they are colored, dry as soon as possible by shaking over a hot fire. It is well to first press them between cloths to absorb as much of the dye as possible. A good fire to curl them over can be made of corn cobs with salt sprinkled over them. Most feathers, however, require some curling with a dull knife.

Perhaps many of you have those pretty yellow printed cheese cloth curtains, called Madras, and after two or perhaps only one season, they are soiled. You are afraid to wash them as the color is so liable to fade. Give them a rapid washing in cold suds, with a little ammonia in the water, then rinse in a solution of yellow or orange dye for cotton, they will look like new. Most every one has scrim or cheese cloth curtains, and when they are tired of white or cream color, they may be treated to a bath of any desired color and be as good as new curtains.

A friend has a set of lovely, darned net curtains, and this spring they were treated to a weak bath of yellow, and are now a pretty deep cream color. The same friend had a rose-colored cheese cloth dress which faded out white when washed, and it is now a delicate blue.

One of the prettiest dresses I have seen this summer was a pale blue embroidered chambery. It was quite a bright blue. Last summer it was a sort of dirty greyish blue, and the pattern was bought cheap at the close of the season, and dyed over. It was first boiled in strong soap suds, which made it nearly white. Most every one has something or other that can be made prettier by dying, and when one understands how to do it, usually it is a very fascinating work. The writer never wears linen collars, but is partial to double box plaited ruchings of "footing" for every-day wear, and these have been dyed in different delicate shades of blue, pink, lavender, cream and nile green, and are a change from white.

When in mourning it is often quite hard to keep one's clothes from being rusty. Black lawns or prints can be freshened up by a bath of black dye. To wash black or navy blue cotton wash and peel two potatoes, and grate them into tepid water, in which is a teaspoonful of ammonia. Strain, and wash the garments upon the wrong side. They will need no starch and should be ironed upon the wrong side.

The above articles are all fast colors but should you wish to wash them do so quickly and dry in the shade. So many people complain that the colors will not stand washing but it is because the one is not properly worked. For pinks or greens, add a cupful of vinegar to the rain water, and for all other delicate colors use a handful of salt. Shetland shawls are dyed as follows: Prepare a rather showy dye of the desired color. When cold plunge in the shawl and work carefully with a smooth stick. It is well to let it work in the dye for an hour or so. Lift it into a tub of cold water, work it in this, but do not wring it out in any. Put it into a second tub of water, fold four times, and press it until done dripping. Then pin it upon a sheet in its exact shape, and baste it up into place, carefully pulling notches into shape, or, if fringed, take a hairpin and pull out each thread separately. In dying silk, the same rule is observed, but the colors are clear enough, rinse well and squeeze as dry as possible, then pull into shape, and lay out upon a thick towel, and dry quickly in the shade. If they are hung up to dry they are sure to drip and be streaked. Do not iron them. When you wish to wash them do not rub soap upon them, but squeeze them in cold soap suds, and rinse well and wet water. The color by, table linen, which has become spotted, can be made quite attractive by dyeing it a rich cream or delicate coffee brown. The latter is especially nice where there are children. A fringed red cloth of a poor red, was dyed a dark brown, and did duty as a dining-room table spread for several seasons.—J. M. HILL.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please tell us how to use wild gooseberries or how to prepare them? If any of the readers would send me some slips of house plants I would gladly pay postage on them. EMMA BLAKE, 116 St. Joe street, Cincinnati.

1. How can I destroy small green bugs on a monthly rose? Have tried putting tea leaves at root. 2. Also how to care for a fuchsia to have it blossom? 3. How can I keep pressed ferns from drooping or curling up when not in a warm room?—A READER.

Have the readers of THE BLADE odds and ends of germantown or zephyr to spare? Would like bright colors, but do not care if some of the pieces are only two or three yards long. Will pay by the ounce, or paint a small design on any fabric they may send, for crazy work. Have been a "shut in" for almost a year and the days are long at times.—S. A. WILMOT, Goblesville, Mich., VanBuren Co.

I have a great desire to be a missionary. Can you tell me where I can find out what kind of an education a missionary need and how much would it cost?—M. M. B.

I can send a description of a nice hanging basket; also of some nice window curtains that are inexpensive, if you are not already supplied with such descriptions. Will not some one living in the far west please send me some petrified red cedar wood and some petrified wood or rock that have little red garnets in or adhereing to them? I have seen them but do not know where to write for them. We have nice specimens of petrified wood here that is as clear as glass; any one wishing to hear about them can let me know.—MRS. BEN J. TALBOT, Stockton, Kans.

Send along the descriptions.—ED.

Will "De Vere Fero" please send me her address; I wish to learn more about picture embroidering? I would very much like some moss from the south and from California; can some one send me some? I have received so many requests for the recipe for tanning that it is impossible to answer all by letter; I have answered nearly all that sent a stamp. When I put the offer in the paper I had no idea so many could make use of it, and thinking it will benefit the most persons by being published, I send it to THE BLADE. If any one can send me the present address of David Curtis Lester, please do so.—MRS BEN J. TALBOT, Stockton, Kans.

Tell Carrie I will send the white lily root if she will pay postage and send her address where to send it. And will some kind reader please tell through THE BLADE how to take tan and freckles off with the white lily?—MAY H.

In THE HOUSEHOLD department of THE BLADE of June 6, what is the meaning of the abreviation in knitting and crocheting, of "fagot"?—JENNIE L. MOSENA.

If Mrs. E. L. F., in BLADE of May 30, will write me I can give her the information she asks concerning cactus.

Will not some experienced housekeeper give us some reliable recipes for pickles, preserves, jellies and jams before it is too late?—Mrs. S. E. JORDAN, Harold, S. Dak.

If the lady who offered to send directions for combined collar and cuff box will send them to me or communicate her address to me, I will refund postage and any remuneration necessary. Address C. L., box 118, Frusien, Cal.

A better way would be for the directions to be sent to THE HOUSEHOLD, that all may be benefited.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Bessie" asks how to curl bangs naturally. If you are in a hurry it is best to use a curling iron. They cost a quarter; heat it over a lamp or gas light, when hot dip in water to prevent singing the hair. If you have plenty of time try this; put a piece of gum arabic the size of a beech or small hazel nut into a teacupful of rain water, stir till it is well dissolved, damp your hair in this, take a piece of paper about six by three inches, fold once, place under a lock of the desired size, but your left index finger in the center and with the thumb and index of the other hand wrap the lock round it, loosely or closely as you want the size of the curl, fold the paper over the curl three ways bearing the straight edge upwards and pin. When perfectly dry take out the pin, remove the paper carefully and run a course comb through the hair. I think you will be pleased at the result.

A straw hat may be bleached by washing thoroughly and then smoking over a slow sulphur or brimstone fire.

I know a lady who keeps fruit by placing the ripe fruit in jars, filling with cold water, covering the top with a layer of cotton and sealing securely. She takes care that the lids fit perfectly and always uses new rubbers.

Butter may be kept for a year by keeping it in a clean and perfectly cool cellar. Work till all the buttermilk is out, place in the jar and pound firm with a potato masher. Over it place a cloth covered by an inch of salt. When the next churning is ready, remove cloth, pound in the butter and replace cloth. Keep well covered.—BLUE BELL.

I saw in THE BLADE a short time since an inquiry how to root oleanders. The way I do it is to cut a sprout about 6 to 8 inches long, and put in a bottle of water and set in a dark place and change the water. Sometimes it requires two or three weeks, and sometimes they fail entirely. Now is a good time. I have just rooted four.—MRS. M. M. INGRAHAM.

The way to prepare pot-pourri has been asked several for times, and though one way was published a few weeks ago, we will give another here:

The rind of 2 lemons cut thin, 1 lb. bay salt, 4 oz. orris root, powdered, 1 oz. gum benzoin, 1 oz cinnamon, ½ oz. cloves, 1 oz. nutmegs, 1 gr. musk, finely ground, 12 bay leaves, a few sage leaves, rosemary and lavendar cut small, 1 oz lavendar water, 1 oz. eau de cologne, 1 oz bergamot. Mix all together in a pan, and add sweet flowers in their natural state as they come into bloom, stirring frequently, at least once a day. It must be put in a covered stone pot, with a wooden spoon to stir it with. At the end of two or three months you will have a sweet-scented mass ready to fill any number of pretty Japanese rose jars. Then, from time to time, throw in the roses that you gather when they are perfectly dry. For bay salt you can substitute common salt, which seems to do quite as well.—ED.

RECIPES.

POTATO SALAD.—Slice half a dozen large cold boiled potatoes, put into a salad dish and season as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, ½ teaspoonful of sugar, same of pepper, salt and made mustard, and about the same of celery salt; rub to a smooth paste and whip in a tea-spoonful at a time, 5 tablespoonfuls of best vinegar; when well mixed, pour upon salad and serve.

TO MAKE CAKE.—Eggs that are used for cake should always be fresh. In the summer let them lie in cool water or on ice several hours before using them, as they will whip to a much lighter froth if cold. Butter should be sweet that is intended for cake. Wash it and work all water out before using. After softening it by working, mix it with as little called creaming together butter and sugar. The flour should be sifted. Fruit should be added just before baking; mix it thoroughly through the batter. Grease the grape tins and put paper in the bottom of each. When you think the cake is baked pierce it through with a straw. If the straw comes dry the cake is done, but if the dough adheres to it the cake requires more cooking. To mix the cake, add flour by degrees to the creamed butter and sugar; when about half the flour is stirred in mix in the beaten yolks, and then the rest of the flour, and add the whites last. In making "sponge cake" the flour and whites of eggs must be added alternately, or the batter will fall.—MAUDE DEVERE.

LEMON PIES.—For Mountain Daisy: Bake the crust first, taking care to pick the air bubbles with a fork or needle.

For the pies, take one tablespoonful of cornstarch or 12 of flour, make into a smooth paste with cold water, stir in one cupful of boiling water, let stand on back of stove for a few minutes, cream 1 cupful of sugar with one tablespoonful of butter and the yolk of 1 egg; stir in the paste, then add the juice, grated rind and minced inside of one lemon, let stand until it is scalding hot, remove and put in crust. When the filling is firm cover with a frosting made of the white of the egg and set in the oven to harden. This makes a splendid filling for tarts or larger cakes, or for the inside of loaf cake.

To those afflicted with sore feet let me say, steep the leaves of the common mullein and bind on the foot before retiring. This is a good poultice for any kind of a sore.

TO TAKE REDNESS AND TAN FROM THE HANDS.—Rub them with lemon juice before retiring, then put on an old pair of kid gloves.—BLUE BELL.

TO GET RID OF ROACHES.—Take say 2 tablespoonfuls of borax, dissolve in one pint of water. With this water make a stiff dough of corn meal. Don't cook. Put it where the roaches will get it. Put it out at night and next morning you can sweep up all the roaches you want. It is the only remedy used here and never fails. Powder or three applications generally sufficient.—SUE.

CHEAP WHITE CAKE.—2 cupfuls sugar; ½ cupful butter; 1 cupful water; 3 cupfuls flour; 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder; whites of 3 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and added last. Flavor to taste. I bake it in three layers, and put a cocoanut icing between the layer and over the outside.—MRS. E. B. L.

BISCUIT.—Will send a recipe for making biscuit the way my mother makes them. They are splendid. 1 cupful sour milk, or butter milk; 1 level teaspoonful soda, and a little salt; shortening the size of a walnut. Mix soft and bake quickly.—LEOLA, Buffalo Creek, Col.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.—Scatter ¾ lb. sugar over 1 qt. of ripe sweet berries and let them stand three hours. Press and smash them and strain through a thin muslin bag. Add ½ lb. of sugar, and when dissolved beat in 1 qt. of cream little by little. Freeze rapidly; if the freezer is not a patent one, open it frequently to beat and stir the cream.

A REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.—Take the hulls from ripe strawberries, steep them, and when cool wash the face and hands. Have known one application to take them off.—AZEL.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.—Beat 2 ozs. of butter to a cream, adding gradually 4 ozs. or a half cup of powdered sugar, then add 12 strawberries, one at a time, mashing and beating until the whole is perfectly light. If it has a separated or curdled appearance, add a little more sugar and set in a cold place until wanted.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RED ROCK, MONT.	CONCORD, N. H.
Jennie F. Doren	Ell N Willis
Charles E Noble	Inez C Willis
Della M Noble	ASHLAND, WIS.
ONO, WYO. TER.	Alma B Serles
Freddie R Winningar	Nellie Jacobson
Nellie G Winningar	George Tillman
Melvin T Winningar	Charles Hagerty
Carrie E Stock	Amy Osborn
DeLymn Foster	Maud Pomeroy
FARMERS CREEK, MICH.	Florence Sullivan
Iva Davenport	Tillie Scott
Ada Davenport	Myrtie Judd
Celia Parker	Maggie Scott
Mertie Parker	Edith L Morrison
Lulu Winn	Edith Oakey
Rosa Winn	George H White
Emma Winn	Emanuel Lindquist
Maggie Winn	Alice Pomeroy
Mary Watts	Johnny Dufur
Edna Watts	George Dufur
Grace A Stocker	Bert Young
MONUMENT, KAN.	Adolph Jensen
Etta Lakin	Josie Lathrop
Charlie Lakin	George Jensen
Bernice Lakin	Grace Scriver
Zora Lakin	Jessie Morrison
Myrtus Rader	Mabel Pomeroy
Harry Rader	Ray Oakey
Robert Rader	Earnie Scott
Edna Rader	Clinton Green
May Wooten	Edith Sanborn
Fred Van Tassel	Sadie Schwartzby
Lena Van Tassell	Elmer Wolf
Dellia Lakin	Bessie Sanborn
Effie Lakin	

Names this week, 65. Total 27,244.

The above embraces all names received up to July 12.

LITTLE MOCCASINED FEET.

FRANKLYN W. LEE.

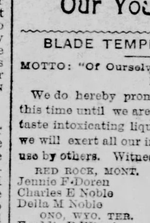
Two little moccasined feet I heard—
Heard while I revelled in fancied quaint—
Treading unsteadily through the room,
Pattering soft in the twilight's gloom
There by the door. As the curtain stirred,
Soft came the sound of her laughter faint—
Clear as the ring of the tinkling chain,
Sweet as the nightingale's sweetest strain.

Two little moccasined feet that brought
Thoughts I'd been seeking an hour or
Seeking in vain, for my fickle muse,
True to her sex, would her gifts refuse.
Giving the caller the smile she sought,
Kissing her flower ripe o'er and o'er,
Up to my lap then I lifted her—
Muse who inspired without demur.

Wonderful moccasined feet were they,
Guiding me into Elysian fields;
Wonderful, too, was that baby hand,
Leading me thither to fairy land:
Potent as well were her eyes blue gray,
Casting a spell that a siren wields.
Where was there ever a muse like this,
Bringing a charm with her baby kiss?

Two little moccasined feet—ah, me!
Where will they stray in the coming years?
Shall it be into a time less fair,
Marring her life with a cloud of care?
God give her strength for what is to be,
Robbing her sky of its misty tears.
Leading the trend of her simple life
Far from the world and its vulgar strife.
—*Toronto Empire.*

THE BAD BROTHER.



LONG time ago, in a valley in India, there lived two brothers.

The elder was very poor. He gained his living by selling wood and herbs, and he was despised by all, as the poor generally are.

The younger, on the contrary, was the possessor of a beautiful fortune, but he did not trouble himself about his older brother.

One day he gave a grand dinner, to which he invited all his rich neighbors. It never entered his head to invite the poor woodcutter

The poor man sadly remarked to his wife, who cried angrily:

"It is much better to die than to submit to such insults."

"That is true," replied the woodcutter; "well, I will die."

He took an ax and a rope and went over the mountain into the forest to a stream where lions and tigers came to drink. He walked to the source of this stream. There were assembled a troupe of wicked fairies called Dakinis. They were dancing and singing to the sounds of lively music. One of them rushed to a cavity in a rock and threw out a bag, which he brought to his companions, and, striking it with a hammer, he caused all kinds of food and drink to come from this bag. The Dakinis, having danced enough, began to eat and drink, and the inexhaustible bag kept furnishing them with new meats and new liquors, and finally with jewels, gold and silver, bracelets, necklaces and diadems. The Dakinis arrayed themselves in all this finery, and the bag and the hammer were put back into the rock.

The woodcutter, concealed behind some low bushes, had seen all. When the fairies had departed he cut down some trees with his ax, tied them together with his rope, and made a sort of ladder by means of which he mounted to the cavity in the rock. He carefully drew out the two secreted instruments and did what he had seen the Dakinis do. Out of the bag came a savory dinner, which he ate with the greatest relish.

Instead of hanging himself, as he had intended, he returned joyfully home.

"Rejoice, my dear," he said to his wife. "Henceforth we can live like lords," and to show his good luck to her he began to pound the bag with his hammer, and, according to the wish he expressed, the bag produced meats, garment and furniture.

From that day he renounced his wretched employment, and lived in ease and comfort.

His neighbors saw this change in his mode of living with surprise. His brother's wife, who was a wicked woman, was almost dead with rage.

One day she said to her husband:

"How is it that your brother, who was so poor, has suddenly become so rich? He certainly must have stolen part of our fortune."

The avaricious brother was so irritated that he hastened to the woodcutter's house and said to him severely:

"I wish to know whence your sudden fortune comes?"

And seeing that the woodcutter hesitated to reply, he added:

"I am going to have you summoned before the Cadi, who will have your eyes torn out."

"No, no!" cried the honest woodcutter, "I have stolen nothing. Look at this bag and this hammer—they are my fortune."

"And how can these villainous-looking things be a fortune?"

The woodcutter then told his brother all that had happened to him. The avaricious man at once took an ax and a rope and set off for the forest. On reaching the indicated spot he saw a number of Dakinis gathered about a high rock, howling and groaning. He drew nearer to see how he might carry away some fairy utensil. One of the Dakinis discovered him, and cried:

"Ah! there is the wretch who stole our bag and hammer. Let us kill him!"

At these words all the Dakinis precipitated themselves upon the unfortunate man like birds of prey.

"How shall we punish him?" cried one of them, seizing him by the hair.

"Why," replied one of his companions, "to the top of the rock and throw him down."

"No, let us toss him into the water."

"No, we will cut him in little pieces and throw him to the dogs."

But another said:

"All these punishments will be too short. We must inflict one that will last him all his life, and which will prevent his ever daring to show himself to any one."

"What, then?"

"If you wish, you will give him a nose twenty feet long and tied up in great knots. The man will be so hideous and so mortified that he will only think of concealing himself from the eyes of all."

This was done, and the Dakinis departed with shouts of ferocious laughter.

The unhappy miser, feeling his deformity, did not dare to return to his home. When night came, he wandered forth, trembling with terror, and in despair at his hideous burden.

On reaching home he cried out to his wife:

"Woe is me! Do not flee on seeing me! My face is sadly changed. I am, however, your husband. But I cannot long endure this misfortune. In a few days I shall die."

He shut himself up in a room in the back part of the house, not wishing to see any one, and when the neighbors came to ask him if he was sick, he cried:

"Ah! woe is me! Woe is me!"

And he concealed himself.

Near the village dwelt a venerable lama. The wretched man sent for him to ask his blessing before dying, and he hoped that he could keep his face turned away from him, so that he would not see his deformity.

"Turn this way," said the holy man. "I must see your face."

"No, no!" cried the unfortunate man.

The lama insisted, and at length he turned his face toward him. The old man fled, uttering a cry of horror.

The miser begged him to return, promising him rich presents. He told him his story and asked if he could not find a means of delivering him from his deformity.

"I must consult my books," replied the lama. "I will return to-morrow."

"Do not fail to return," said the poor man, "for if you cannot help me I have made up my mind to die."

The next day the lama appeared again.

"I have found a remedy, and there is no other," he said. "To restore you face to its proper form I must have your brother's bag and hammer."

The miser, recalling his cruel conduct to his brother, declared that he could ask

nothing of him. But his wife said that she had no scruples on that point. She went boldly to the woodcutter, whom she had looked upon with such cold disdain when he was poor, and begged him to lend her the two precious articles.

He could not, however, confide his treasure to this greedy woman, but he went himself to his brother's bedside, and asked how he could be useful to him.

"I, ok," said his brother, showing his horrible deformity, "that is what I obtained from the Dakinis. If, with your bag and hammer, you can rid me of this monstrosity, I will give you half my fortune."

"Agreed, but I want a promise in writing."

The agreement was drawn up in legal terms and signed.

The miser set to work, and with the fairy hammer he beat off, successively, eight knots from the nose. He was about to knock off the ninth, when the wife cried:

"Stop! My husband can keep that knot."

She thought that the agreement would be of no account if one knot was left by the brother, and she hoped to demolish this last knot herself, and to save the money, which she could not bear to part with.

As the brother left the house she slipped behind him and seized the hammer and ran back with it. He pursued her and tried to retake it. But she reached the house before him and shut the door in his face and rejoined her husband with the fairy instrument.

"Now to work," she said. "You shall be cured and we shall have to pay nothing."

But she did not know that it was necessary to use the magic hammer with the greatest precaution. She took it in her powerful hand and struck such a blow upon her husband's head that she split it open.

So the door man died, and, according to law, all his property went to his brother.—*New York Press.*

PUSSY IN THE WITNESS BOX.

A valuable dog, named Major, having strayed from his owner's house, was claimed in all good faith by another gentleman who recognized the dog as his own lost Newfoundland. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time, before a judge and jury.

Witnesses testified that it was Major, and that it was *not*

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON LEAFY BOWERS.

The Eloquent Brooklyn Divine Adapts the Words of the Bible Relating to the Feast of the Tabernacles to the Present Time.

THE HAMPTONS, July 14.—The subject of the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon today was: "The Bower of Tree Branches." His text was Nehemiah viii; 15: "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees to make booths. Following is the sermon:

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain, and have cut off tree branches, and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the housetops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes, and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of tabernacles; and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths, on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven, and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may to-day be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now in the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned New York? Passed on.

There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But blessed be God we are not at this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are gospel booths, or gospel harbors, in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth unto the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build booths.

The Arbor of the Gospel.

Well, now we are to-day to construct a gospel arbor or gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text we must go up into the mount and bring olive branches. What does that mean?

The olive tree grows in warm climates, and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an offshoot from that stem. And then people come and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of some army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? Why, it means unsaddle the war chargers. It means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying Peace!

Now if we are to-day going to succeed in building this gospel arbor, we must go into the Mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches. We believe, or else we must have, and we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as a bloody chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is antagonism between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness, and we are all sin, there must be a readjustment, there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

The Human vs. the Divine.

There is a great law suit going on now, and it is a law suit which man is bringing against his Maker; that law suit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine; it is iniquity versus the immaculate; it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it; God did not begin the law suit. We began it; we assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent, the sooner we end it the better.

Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary—that it is only a hill, only an insignificant elevation; but I believe in calling it the mount of God's divine mercy and love, far grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it; and I have noticed in every sect where the cross of Christ is set forth, it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get close to the cross of God and our olives, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing, and pluck these olive branches, and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Oh, it don't make much difference what the world thinks of you; what this king, that queen, that senator thinks of you. But come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the round universe; that is the joy that makes a hallelujah seem stupid. Ah, why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of His omnipotence. But the moment we bring this bramble bush and all the heavens come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ; and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

Don't Quarrel.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowdery Christians all around us, and one match or provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But, my brother, don't you think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had you not better muzzle an ill-natured dog? Had you not better submit to a little humiliation? Oh, you say, until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him; nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step. You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies, and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, and fragrant leaves, but leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It won't hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you can not take those two doctrines you are no Christian.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountain, and fetch olive branches and pine branches. Now, what is suggested by the pine branches? The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic, it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go South every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get to the influences of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the healthfulness of our holy religion; it is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul.

Dined Daily with the King.

I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine; he did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the king. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipose. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now. I mean that it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. No, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick; but if a man takes a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this pine branch of my text also suggests the simple fact that it is an evergreen. What does this pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter can not freeze it out. This evergreen tree is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest winter of misfortune and disaster, it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now that is a practical truth. For if I should go up and down these aisles I would not find in this house fifty people who had no trouble. But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh, how many bereavements, how many povertics, how many persecutions! How many misrepresentations! And now my brother, you have tried everything else, but why don't you try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the days of your prosperity; it is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like Muckle Backle, the fisherman, who was chided one day because he kept on working, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him and said: "It is indecent for you to be mending that boat when this afternoon you buried your child." And the fisherman looked up and said: "Sir, it is very easy for you gentle folks to stay in the house with your handkerchief to your eyes in grief; but sir, ought I to let the other five children starve because one of them is drowned? No, sir; we mann work, we mann work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

Religion Can Help You.

You may have had accumulation of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in battalions upon your soul; and yet I have to tell you that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you if nothing else will. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you? How was it with the man who had such a foudness for money than when he was sick he ordered a basin of gold pieces, and he looked at him, and he put his gouty hands down among the gold pieces, cooling his hands off in them, and the rattle and rolling of these gold pieces were his amusement and entertainment. Ah, the gold and silver, the honors, the emoluments of this world, are but a poor solace for a perturbed spirit. You want something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the children came around to play with him, refused to play; he said, "I will play only with kings." And it might be supposed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfaction, this imperial joy. Ye who are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty ought to play only with kings.

The fruit of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

The Honored Palm Tree.

But my text takes a step further, and it says, "Go into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and palm branches." Now the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had three hundred and sixty different uses. The fruit was conserved; the sap was a beverage, the leaves bound up for food; the fibers were for cordage; the base of the leaves was turned into hats, and mats and baskets, and the leaves were carried in victorious processions, and from the roof to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew eighty-five feet in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five yards long; it was the tree of usefulness for what it meant and for what it suggested, victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians don't amount to anything. You have to shove them out of the way when the Lord's chariots come along. We don't need any more of that kind of Christians in the church.

The old maxim says: "Do not put all yours eggs into one basket;" but I have to tell you in this matter of religion you had better give your all to God, and then get in yourself. "Oh," says some one, "my business is to sell silks and cloths." Well, then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to raise corn and carrots." Then, my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of God. And some one says: "My business is to manufacture horseshoe nails." Then manufacture horseshoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we want in the church any more people that are merely weeping willows, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, sentimental, namby-pamby, milk-and-water religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity.

Wanted: True Religion.

Give me five hundred men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take any city for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin?

Lidyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him: "Now, Lidyard, when are you ready to start?" He said: "To-morrow morning." The learned men were astonished; they thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be earnest for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you have the decision to say: "To-day, now." Go now into the mount and gather the palm branches. But the palm branch also meant victory. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. We are by nature the servants of Satan. He stands, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. The word comes from our Father that it we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong, our Father will help us; and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, "Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." "But," says the man, "I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But," says the man, "I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "I who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to more than conqueror?" Yes, unless you are so self conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? Oh, no, you say, I want God to be my leader. Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you? What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the ressurrection can pick you out of the dust anywhere, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror. Don't you think we had better [illegible] to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting house at Summerville my father used to lead the singing, and he had the old fashioned tuning fork, and he would strike it upon his knee and then put the tuning fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song, the song of victory when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

City of eternity, to thy bridal halls
From this prison would I flee;
Ah, glory! that's for you and me.

We Have a Brawny Christianity.

My text brings up one step further. It says, go forth into the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches and palm branches, and branches of thick trees. Now, you know very well that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So, then, the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth; and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine, not only love, but justice; not only invitation by warning. It is a mighty Gospel; it is an omnipotent Gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees. I remember what Mr. Finney said in a school house in this state. The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village, and he was called Lot; and Mr. Finney, preaching, described the destruction of Sodom, and the preacher declared that God would rain destruction upon his hearers unless they too repented. And the people in the school house sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clenched their fists in indignation; but before he was through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning; an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees. Well, my friends, I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and victory, and here are the stout branches of the thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pigeons; and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth, and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after a while they dropped into the net and we were successful. So I come now to the door of the gospel booth and I look out, I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

The Farm.

Special Request.

Readers of the FARM are asked to turn to the 4th page of this issue and read the announcement of the story by the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), called "The Demagogue," and then to send, by the next mail, on a postal card, the names and addresses of at least ten persons to whom we may send sample copies, with a view to their subscribing. The FARM has done many a favor for its readers; now pay them back, friends!

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bunch on Horse's Wind-Pipe.

L. A. P., Verona, New York: If the horse is yet suffering from distemper, the lump should be poulticed for two or three days, and when soft, lance it; but if the horse has recovered and there is a callous swelling left, take of iodine ½ oz., soap liniment 6 oz., and rub it in well twice a day. This, we think will disperse it. In cases of this kind it is always best to bring the lump to point, if possible, and have it discharge pus. When distemper exists even poulticing will not at times cause the lump to point, and it becomes necessary to apply a pretty sharp stimulating liniment.

Bunches on Horses Hind Legs.

G. F. K., Sheffield, Iowa: Judging from the marks you make on the profile of horse, in your letter, your horse has what is known as bloody pavin and thoroughpin. To treat, take of spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; vinegar, 8 ozs.; water, 1 qt. After bathing the parts affected with warm water for a full day, apply the above lotion, on any soft material, keeping it well saturated for about four days; then apply warm water for about a day, and then rub the parts well with bichloride of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. MIX, and rub a little in twice a day, washing off once a day with warm water for about five days or until there is a free watery flow. Then heal with unsalted lard. It may be necessary to repeat this. The animal should have a long rest.

Drules While Chewing Her Cud.

S. A. D., Adams Centre, N. Y.: The drulling of your cow may be caused by defective teeth, or by some hard substance between the teeth; this may give a pain, and sometimes a hard substance will get between her teeth and project so as to cut outside or inside of the teeth. The tongue may have been cut or injured in some way, causing irritation while masticating. If she is all right in mouth and teeth, write us again, describing symptoms and actions closely. Refer to the number of THE BLADE in which this appears.

Diseased Condition of the Blood in Cows.

C. M., King's county, Wyoming territory: Your cow is suffering from a diseased condition of the blood. Give her two pounds of a pound of Glauber's salts and a cupful of molasses, stirred in warm water. After this, give her daily for a week an ounce of hyposulphite of soda for eight days, in soft feed. Let the cow have access to salt, in lump, so that she may lick what she needs. We have heard that carrots fed too freely will cause a falling off in the milk, although we cannot speak from experience.

Opthalmia.

G. H., Norwood Station, Louisiana: Your mare is suffering from a disease of the eye known as opthalmia. When once fairly located, it is a difficult matter to cure—in fact a cure is uncertain. Give her powdered Peruvian bark, ½ oz. sulphate of iron, 1 drachm. This amount twice a day for a week, suspend for a week and repeat. After the give three times a week for three weeks. Inject once a day of Fowler's solution of arsenic. For the watering of the eyes, take of extract of belladona, 1 oz., honey, ½ oz. Mix together for an ointment, and smear the eyebrows and outside of the eyellds with it, using a camel's hair brush or soft feather.

Curdled or Specked Milk.

J. V., Milwaukee, Wis.: The blood of your cow is out of condition. Milk in its healthful condition is alkaline, but when the blood is impure, this alkalinity may be increased or the milk become acid. It mostly becomes acid. The result is specks, or whey milk. The specks are particles of curd or cheesy matter found in the milk, and which adhere to the cream. Give the animal three-quarters of a pound of salts in which there is stirred a cupful of molasses, and follow this with a daily dose for 10 days of hyposulphite of soda. This will bring the milk to its normal condition.

Prevention of Hog Cholera.

N. C., Manchester, Kentucky: THE BLADE gave formulas for prevention of hog cholera last week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter From Mr. Stine—Farm Statistics—What Has Become of "J. M. J.," of Tascott?—Would Like to Hear the Views of Mr. Isaac Green.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some of your correspondents in the Farm, on the subject of furnishing farm statistics to the assessor, have got the subject somewhat mixed up. In withholding such matters from the assessor it is not intended to include the newspapers, as M. L. Cayner seems to intimate, not by any means. It is the speculator and boards of trade we want to boycott, and retain the ubiquitous newspapers to keep us posted, so that when Mr. Cayner, Iowa, fails to raise a certain crop we shall hear of it in due course and profit by it. Whilst I. F. F., of Porterville, complains of the average county newspaper here in Kansas, and justly so, as some notable instances of similar character have come under the writer's notice, wherein long before harvest it was predicted that the crops of Morris county would be so heavy the graneries and cribs would not hold them but, lo, and behold, the festive chinch bug put in an appearance and gleaned nearly all of it, so that the majority of farmers did not raise sufficient to feed their stock and pay taxes. But such reports are one of the necessary evils which we can easily forgive, although not as far reaching as the assessor's reports. But in answer to the main objections of your correspondents, I would say to Mr. Springer's cord-wood illustration, that what was practical 40 years ago in the state of Maine in one article, would be wholely so now in the whole Union, unless at a great expense, especially when taken in reference to our grain crops. Let us, for argument's sake, admit that all the farmers in the United States had withheld from the assessor the number of acres in cereal crops, and the number of bushels of old grain in their hands on the 1st of March. Would the speculators in grain be willing to run the risk of getting a corner on the strength of the county paper's reports, or even on the monthly reports of the United States agricultural bureau? Not very likely. They would, therefore, be compelled to send a man to each state to ascertain the actual status of the crops after harvest, who would necessarily be compelled, in order to be at all accurate, to put himself into the position now occupied by the assessor, and apply to the farmer, and not to the threshing-machine men, as a neighbor of mine once argued that it was from them that the speculators got their information, nor to the local grain dealer. Such being the indisputable fact that in this case the farmer is the only true fountain head, a source of actual and truthful information, and if he has said "scat" to the assessor, would it be any hardship to do so to the emissary of the board of trade? I trow not. Farmers will join a grange or alliance, in order to obtain a small pecuniary advantage over a supposed monopoly, or the retail dealer in their nearest town. Such being the case, why should they not stand as a unit to resist the greed and rapacity of the speculator in grain, who first fleeces the producer, and then turns around and shears the consumer? The position taken by those who have withheld statistical information from the assessor, is impregnable. It may be assailed from within and without, but the correctness of the principles laid down by them are just as correct, and whilst not as easy of solution as a problem in mathematics, do not require a miraculous influence to put them into practice, in order to solve them. Gentlemen speak despairingly of the situation when they say that the bulls and bears who control our markets, would send correspondents over the habitable world where grain is raised in order to gather the needed statistics. So be it, but did they never stop to consider the expense attendant on such a project? Not very likely. The United States census for 1890 will cost several hundreds of thousands (we were going to say millions, but in the absence of at least some data to go by, forbear, and stay within bounds), let them repeat that annually, and the speculators will come to the conclusion that they have caught a tartar. My readers will judge for themselves whether or no I have answered the objections so far put forward to the project of ignoring the assessor on grain statistics (cattle and hogs we cannot, as they are taxable). If I have convinced them that it is the right thing to do, let them join the now minority, which I devoutly hope, ere another census comes around, will number in its ranks every tiller of the soil in the west and northwest. Then we will be able to demonstrate to an absolute certainty whether there is a mouse in the farmers' meal sack who has gained access by it being left open, and not by eating a hole into it. While I am free to admit that there are two sides to almost every question, I do think that the farmer who will deliberately, whenever the month of March comes around, hand over to the speculator not only the keys to his granary, but give him also a detailed statement of all he intends to do, might just as well add, in addition, "Well, farming is not of any pecuniary interest to me; fix your own price, so that you may continue to live off the fatness of the land; as for myself and family, we can do as did our forefathers, live on corn bread and bacon, and work fourteen hours per day, making on an average not more than 50 cents per diem"—is deserving of no sympathy, but his family would be. There is but one other way out of this difficulty, and that is, have our state legislatures change the statistical law so as to furnish only the previous year's acreage and amount of grain on hand. That would be quite as effectual, but much more difficult to accomplish, and would just be traveling around Robin Hood's barn to get there, instead of simply saying "no" to the assessor. In the meantime, what has become of our friend, "J. M. J.," of Tascott, who started this interesting topic? I think he promised to let us hear from him again on this subject. Would also like to hear the views of Mr. Isaac Green, whose facile pen should not be idle when the pecuniary interests of the farmer are involved. Will gladly discuss the wheat promblem with the readers and correspondents of THE BLADE FARM any next month just before seeding time, Providence and the editor willing.—WM. STINE.

Very Much Interested in the Farming Industry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Although I am a woman, I am very much interested in the farming industry, as my husband is a farmer, and I would like to say that I fully appreciate Mr. Stine's letter in THE BLADE of June 13 about farmers giving the amount of old grain on hand March 1, and of the number of acres sown, to the assessor, for so long as they give the assessors the amount of grain they have and expect to have, the speculators will know just where to set their prices for grain and where to keep it. They will keep the farmers' nose to the grindstone as long as the farmers will let them, so I say why not put a stop to it at once. I cannot see why it should be necessary for us to report to our legislature our personal wealth, any more than has to be given for taxation. Suppose they gave as their reason for wanting to know the amount of grain on hand and the amount sown, that they want to find what country is the most fertile, and which has the most industrious men in it. Suppose I should go to one of my neighbors and say: "Well, Mr. So and So, how much money have you on hand? Have you anything to sell to bring in any more, and when do you expect to get it, and how much will you have when you get it all together?" What would he think of me? Why, he would think I intended to rob him, and that is just what I think about giving the amount of grain on hand, and acreage sown, to the assessor. They are merely tools the speculators have to work with, and we have to pay them. I hope the farmers will look into that business and quit giving in such grain, for when they get the assessors' reports, it does not take long to make an estimate of all the grain raised in the United States, and they will make their prices accordingly, and we have to abide by them; whereas, if they do not know how much grain there is raised they do not know how much surplus there is in each state, consequently they do not know how much has to be sold. They do not know that they can get the grain for a more song, and under the circumstances they see obliged to offer a little more for it. If this finds its way in the columns of THE BLADE FARM, and I am called a crank for the views I take of this matter, I will consider the source from which it comes, and pray that more may become cranks.—MRS. EMMA ROWE, Conway Springs, Kan.

A Soldier Farmer's Opinion of the Farmers' Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—Permit me to say a few words in answer to M. J. D., Silver Creek, Neb. He says the Farmers' Alliance is not a political organization. I am an old soldier and a farmer, and I say it is, in this county, and it is free trade also, for any one that tries to put down labor is a free trader. The same parties started a grange here. It was to put down monopolists, and politics were not in it at all. They built a tobacco factory, and all the farmers that belonged to it had to haul their tobacco in. They worked it, and when it was ready for market, the said, "We have the tobacco, and we must have our price, or we will not sell it, and the railroad must haul it at our price." Now, the way I look at this, they started a trust themselves. They shipped their tobacco to Liverpool, and the storage ate the crop up and they had to pay $700 besides. If this is the way the farmers are going to protect themselves I want none in mine. The alliance is going to buy 10 per cent above cost, but when they put their crops on the market they want 50 per cent more than the market. There is no justice in this. If they force the miller to give them 37½ pounds of flour for a bushel of wheat, they cannot expect to get as big a price from the miller for their wheat as when the miller was giving 33⅓ pounds to the bushel, and, another thing—I speak of my own county, Randolph—I do not suppose that it is so in all communities—God forbid it. My question is: "How many self-binders in any county of any description would be in use if the farmer had to pay the cash down?" I know there would be very little of any kind, for we have not the stuff to pay with therefore I cannot see where it is going to benefit the farmers. They talk of the middleman. If he was not here, it would be cash or no trade, and the farmer could not send to the same house that the middleman represents and get the goods any cheaper than from the middleman.—J. W. SWEENEY, Clifton Hill, Missouri.

Wire to Trees in the Forest.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Have any of the readers of THE BLADE had any experience in fastening fencing wire to trees in the forest? I put up a lot of wire that way, and have been told that the wire breaks at the tree, in two or three years. Can any one tell from experience if such is the fact, and give an explanation of it.—J. H. M., Lineville, Kentucky.

The Dishorning of Cattle.

London *Times*, May 30: We report this morning the important judgment delivered by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Hawkins on the legality of dishorning cattle. The case came before them by way of appeal from a decision of the Norfolk magistrates at the Blofield Petty Sessions. Mr. Wiley, a Norfolk farmer, had been summoned at the instance of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having unlawfully and cruelly tortured 32 bullocks by dishorning them.

The facts were in no dispute. Mr. Wiley admitted that he had done what was alleged, and gave every facility to the officers of the society for ascertaining how it had been done and in what state the animals operated upon had been left. That the operation, as performed on Mr. Wiley's farm, had been attended with intense and prolonged suffering to the animals was clearly proved, and does not seem to have been denied. The defense set up was that it was necessary for a variety of reasons. It added to the value of the animals; it enabled them to be packed more closely than they could have been if they had retained their horns, and it prevented them from inflicting injury on one another whether closely packed or not. The magistrates in the event dismissed the case, but without costs, since they considered that the society had done great good by instituting it, and at the request of the society they stated a case for the opinion of the Queen's Bench Judges, giving the reasons of their decision and asking whether the dismissal was to stand.

The question has been met with a decided negative by the judges to whom it has been referred. The operation of dishorning, as it is ordinarily practiced, and as it was practiced on Mr. Wiley's farm, has been pronounced cruel and indefensible. "Detestably brutal," is Lord Coleridge's language in describing it. Mr. Justice Hawkins terms it a revolting operation, so torturing that he shudders to think that men can be found to perform it. As to its absolute illegality, both judges are in agreement. That it adds somewhat to the selling value of the animals they hold to be no adequate defense for it, the rather since the results aimed at can be attained equally well without it. The cruelty of the operation, amounting to downright torture, was proved by professional evidence, and was substantially admitted by the defense. The main benefits of it could be obtained by a more simple and painless process, except, indeed, as far as it enabled the seller to put a fraud on an incautious purchaser as to the animal's breed or age. As to its alleged necessity, the court was clear that a practice which had for many years been unknown or wholly discontinued in England and Wales, and in most countries of Scotland, and had only recently been introduced from Ireland, could not be thought necessary.

In any case, there must be some proportion between the object aimed at and the means. In the case before the court no such proportion could be found. The animals had been "hideously tortured," in order to put a few pounds more into the seller's pockets and, Lord Coleridge said, is an instance of such utter disproportion between the thing done and the result as to stamp it as barbarous and unlawful. The end sought, Mr. Justice Hawkins added, may not be attained at the sacrifice at which it must be had. For a man to buy horned cattle and to enhance their value by mutilating them is to expense of exercising torture to the animals must be set down as needless cruelty. Some former cases, which have been decided in an opposite sense, were put forward by the defense, but were set aside by the court with full expression of the respect due to the authorities before whom they had been heard.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, July 12, says: Substantially, all the news this week has been favorable to business prospects. The official crop report for July was not only an assurance of large yield, but evidence that the reported injuries to wheat, cotton and corn had not been as serious as many believed.

Gold exports were stopped by slackening of the foreign demand and decided improvement here in the offerings of commercial bills. The treasury put out money more freely and the stock market from the interior was met without change of rates here. The railroads made great progress, apparently, toward the settlement of their controversies, and the stock market took an upward turn on Thursday.

Pork products have been weaker but without great change and oats 1⅛@ lower. Use of petroleum for fuel is partly explained by the official report that exports for the past year have been the largest ever recorded, the average of all prices of commodities has moved upward ¼ per cent during the week.

The reports from interior towns show that collections have improved where there have been most complaint, and the latest accounts are more satisfactory than usual. At Chicago, banks have been so far prudent, with an eye to probable commercial demands in the near future that brokers are circulating the rumor that a banking trust has been formed, though outside money does not appear to be obtainable at better than 5 per cent. The indications point to some monetary pressure this fall, unless the treasury succeeds in disbursing freely.

The great industries are, on the whole, in better shape, though some signs of danger are discoverable. Some Southern pig, recently offered in vain at $16.50, has been sold at $17. Rails are in better demand, with rumored sales amounting to 34,000 tons, and 60 is named as bottom price. But the great strike at the Carnegie mills, accompanied with violence at the very outset, may lead to rather extended disturbance of the industry.

Wool is unchanged in price at Eastern markets, but the persistent conservatism of manufacturers, who are buying only for immediate necessities and running only part of their force, begins to have effect, and a weakening among Ohio holders is reported.

The stock exchange has been strengthened by favorable accounts of negotiations between railroad managers who appear to have settled the difficulties as to Eastern trunk lines, and to have made some progress toward amicable settlement of Western controversies. The average of prices is a fraction higher than a week ago, not including the trust stocks, which have caused another sensation by disclosure of the amounts outstanding.

The information that 83,000,000 of lead trust stocks, 50,000,000 of sugar, 42 of cotton oil, 31 of whisky and 13 of cattle trust were outstanding, caused a break in lead and some selling in others.

Exports of cotton for June were in value only $5,008,740, against $8,887,325 for the same months last year, but for the two weeks of July all exports from New York show an increase of 20 per cent over last year, and the weakening of speculation in wheat is also a favorable sign as to the monetary future.

The business failures during the past week were 209, against 202, last week, and 215 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 240.

JUNE REPORT

Of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

The June report of the statistician of the department of Agriculture issued July 10, shows an improvement in the condition of cotton during the past month. The early planted areas are well advanced. That which was planted in May, and that which had not germinated before the season of drought, is late and small.

There was frost nearly throughout the cotton belt on the last of May and the first of June, which prevented germination, already long delayed, and arrested the growth of plants. There is general complaint of the effects of a dry and cool season continuing through May into June, in delaying germination and growth, and favoring the prevalence of lice.

West of the Mississippi, especially in Texas, the season is considered a wet one and the June rains continuing till the day of the report, began at an earlier date than in the Atlantic states. Their effect has been to improve the stand, which was very defective, and advance the growth of the plants.

The prevalence of rain left the fields somewhat grassy on the first of July, a condition which a few days of sunshine often may have remedied, except on plantations having too large an area for the number of plows available. The crop was generally kept clean during the period of drought.

The wide variation in date of germination has had the effect to make the crop later by a week or two than that of 1888, and the stand is not so good. Some plants came up in April and some late in June.

The percentages of condition by states are as follows: Virginia 83; North Carolina 85; South Carolina 84; Georgia 86; Florida 90; Alabama 87; Mississippi 91; Louisiana 92; Texas 90; Arkansas 85; Tennessee 82. General average 87.6.

The caterpillar and boll worm have appeared in Texas and Louisiana and some parts of Mississippi. The setting of lights and catching of the miller that produces the cotton worm have been general, promising the mitigation of future depredations.

FOUR NEW STATES.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The Minority Treated With the Utmost Respect in the Convention.

At the North Dakota constitutional convention on July 10, the Democrats met in caucus and prepared their slate. The president will give them more than they asked for. This plan of assigning the committees eases the Democrats and establishes almost absolute harmony in that wing of the convention. They will probably be given three or four chairmanships and their full quota on 23 committees. The farmers are inclined to claim the committee on corporations, revenue and taxation, school lands, elective franchise, executive department and temperance. They have no inclination to control the committees on judiciary department or legislative department beyond a fair representation on both committees and no avowed enemies on either. They will probably claim the committee on county and township organization.

Dakota politics and politicians are really warmer than constitutional convention gossip and gossipers, and already the sides are forming for the first campaign of North Dakota. Ex-Governors Pierce and Ordway seem to have a pretty sure thing of the United States Senatorial positions, while Gen. Allen is leading for governor. These are all Republicans, for it seems to be as Gov. Mellette to-day remarked to the Associated Press representative, there is a disposition among the Republicans in both North and South Dakota to hold fast to their party and fight shy of all attempted off shoots. They believe they can soon obtain what they seek through the Republican party. False story of a newspaper combination ticket has been sent out, but other than the names above given, there are no Republican candidates for the leading positions.

The Democrats are preparing for a full ticket, and will fight their hardest for it. They hope for much from the personal popularity of their candidates, but the votes seems against them. Only 19 out of the 70 delegates to the constitutional convention are Democrats, and these were elected on account of a feeling among Republicans that in the convention there should be a representation of the minority.

A question which in some sections is being liberally discussed, is the future location of the capitol, but everything seems to point to Bismarck for temporary capitol at least. The four or five thousand people of this city have already paid liberally in lands and buildings and modern improvements for the location and this financial consideration of half a million dollars worth of property here to be sacrificed if the location is changed will probably settle it entirely.

The length of the convention is uncertain; it will last not less than 30 days, and some think it cannot complete its work for 60 days, the fact that many delegates will have specially worded articles from other state constitutions covering the same points, and that each will work for his especial form for stating the same principle, is considered, by Gov. Mellette, to be good ground for the belief that the convention will last 40 or 50 days, and even them be compelled to crowd itself a little at the close.

The North Dakota method of perfecting a state constitution is interesting, and is not very generally understood. The work is done very much as any other legislative body would do similar work. In convention, principles of various kinds and colors will be presented by their advocates in the shape of regular sections and articles for the constitution. These will be referred to the proper committees to be by them digested and solidified and afterwards be perfected and adopted by the convention.

Instead of being vested in the governor the veto power lies with the people, who will later vote on the new constitution. At the present time of writing almost a majority of the population, notwithstanding the statements of some special correspondents to the contrary. The railroad interest has been on hand but has not attempted any work. Before the conventioned adjourned on Monday Dr. Bakewell, of Boston, made a speech in favor of woman suffrage but the plump, pretty corporation lobbyist kept his favorite principle at some future time, being content to have no adverse action taken just now.

The Prohibitionists have some Republicans on the floor of the convention to look after that principle, while anti-corpor

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President appointed the following postmasters on July 10:

Thomas J. Hunt, at Fayetteville, Ark; John W. True, at Eureka Springs, Ark.; Robert P. Patterson, at Memphis; George W. Patton, at St. Elmo, Tenn.; Vincent L. Taylor, at Brookhaven, Miss; Wm. N. Merritt, Armersville, Texas; Casper C. Stephenson, at Escanaba, Mich.; Eden N. Leavens, at Faribault, Minn.; S. C. Leland, at Toledo, Iowa; Levi B. Saymond, at Hampton, Iowa; August F. Berryman, at Spirit Lake, Iowa; Rush D. Deardorff, at Gage City, Kas.; Mrs. Clara L. Nichols, at Ft. Leavenworth, Kas.; Robert H. Fisher, at Horton, Kas.; Stanley V. Timberlake, at Columbus, Kas.; W. H. Stewart, at Geneva, Neb.; Wm. E. Campbell, at Tecumseh, Neb.; Henry J. Streight, at Plattsmouth, Neb.; Bartley C. Eaton, at Glenwood Springs, Col.; James A. Miller, at Santa Maria, Col.; Fred W. Bier, at Vancouver, W. T.

The President on July 12 made the following appointments:

JESSE JOHNSON, of New York, to be attorney of the United States for the eastern district of New York.

EUGENE MARSHALL, of Texas, to be attorney for the United States for the southern district of Texas.

CHARLES S. VARIAN, of Utah, to be attorney of the United States for the territory of Utah.

ELIAS H. PARSONS, of Utah, to be marshal of the United States for the territory of Utah.

LYCIS P. EDDINGTON, of Utah, to be judge of probate in the county of Morgan, Utah.

WAR RECORDS.

Filling in the Pages of History on the Battle of Chicamauga.

Major George B. Davis, in charge of the publication of the war records, has made up a list of those regiments and batteries from which no official reports of the battle of Chicamauga have been received. As the volumes covering this period are now being put in type, he is very anxious to secure such of these original as may be in private hands, or such copies as were made from the originals and which can be vouched for as correct. If those having such reports will send them to Major Davis at the War department, they will be copied and returned, if it is so desired, and the reports will then appear in the forthcoming volumes. Nothing but originals or fully authenticated copies can be used. Of Union commands the following are missing:

Illinois—Infantry—19th, 22d, 24th, 25th, 35th, 36th, 42d, 44th, 51st, 73d, 74th, 88th, 110th and 115th. Artillery—1st, 2d and the Chicago board of trade battery.

Indiana—Infantry—10th, 15th, 40th, 42d, 57th, 68th, 75th, 81st, 82d, 84th, 87th, 88th, 101st. Artillery—10th. Cavalry—3d.

Kentucky—Infantry—4th, 10th, 15th. Cavalry—2d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Michigan—Infantry—11th and 12th. Cavalry—4th.

Ohio—Infantry—3d, 4th, 9th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 36th, 38th, 40th, 69th, 97th, 98th, 105th, 115th, 121st. Artillery—1st, 6th, 18th. Cavalry—3d and 4th.

Pennsylvania—Infantry—77th, 78th and 79th. Cavalry—7th.

Regulars—Cavalry—4th.

Wisconsin—Infantry—1st, 21st and 15th. Artillery—18th.

Of confederate commands the following reports are missing:

Arkansas—Infantry—25th. Cavalry—3d, 1st and 2d mounted rifles. Artillery—Wiggins' battery.

Kentucky—Cavalry—2d and 3d.

Louisiana—Infantry—4th. Cavalry—1st, Dreux's and Greenleaf's. Artillery—Moody's battery, Legardeur's Robinson's.

Tennessee—Infantry—3d, 10th, 30th, 33d, 41st, and 50th. Cavalry—1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th. Clark's and White's. Artillery—1st, Garner's battery, Mebane's, Baxter's, Huggin's Morton's and Huwald's.

Texas—Infantry—7th and 9th. Cavalry—8th, 10th, 11th, 14th and 32d.

Mississippi—Infantry—13th, 17th, 18th, 21st, and Pound's sharp shooters. Artillery—Stanford's battery, and Darden's.

Missouri—Artillery—Barrett's battery.

Minister Terrell Injured.

Information has been received by friends at Washington of an accident to Hon. E. H. Terrell, of Texas, minister to Belgium. As he was boarding the steamer in New York, he struck his knee against a projection, injuring it so badly that he has been unable to walk since. He reached Brussels, but has been confined to his room, and has not yet been presented to the king. In a letter, Mrs. Terrell says she fears the result will prove quite serious.

HAVING A HARD TIME.

John Chinaman's Travels Through the United States Difficult.

Acting Secretary Batcheller was in telegraphic correspondence with Mr. C. P. Huntington, president of the Union Pacific railroad, on July 15 in regard to the case of twelve Chinese coolieswho recently arrived at New Orleans en route to China via San Francisco.

The collector held that their landing was prohibited by the Chinese exclusion act, while the railroad company contended that they were entitled to the privilege of transit through United States territory as tourists. Acting Sec. Batcheller informed Mr. Huntington that the collector's action was in accordance with previous decisions of the department, but that he would comply with the request of the transportation company to postpone further action until the question can be presented in a diplomatic way through the Chinese legation at Washington. In the meantime, the collector was instructed to detain the Chinese but not to allow them to land.

Will be Liberal.

Secretary Noble, in an interview with Delegate Carey, of Wyoming, on July 11, said that the policy of this administration will be broad and libera towards the territories; that the orders of the late Land Commissioners McFarland and Sparks suspending land patents in a large portion of Wyoming because of indications of oil and coal, should be rescinded; that the lands where there were no evidences of minerals should be sent to patent; that persons who settled upon the public lands or purchased lands in good faith should have their evidences of title; that this was his policy, and that Acting Commissioner Stone was in accord with him. The Secretary also informed Delegate Carey that he might say to the settlers of Wyoming that they should have their patents and that in addition to home rule every proper encouragement would be given to efforts looking to the advancement of territories and their admission as states whenever prepared to assume the duties of statehood.

The Sioux Scrip.

During his term as secretary of the Interior, Secretary Vilas, in a decision involving the right of a Sioux half-breed to transfer his scrip, held that such scrip was transferable. Since that time a motion has been made to re-open the whole matter for reconsideration, a large quantity of such scrip having been issued and transferred. The arguments on the question of re-opening the matter has commenced before a court, composed of Secretary Noble, Assistant Secretary Chandler and Assistant Attorney General Shields.

The cases which are being heard are those of Allen vs. Merritt, Hyde vs. McDonald, and Ortley vs. Campbell. There was a large number of lawyers in attendance at the hearing, including Gen. S. S. Burdett, Hon. Knute Nelson, and others. The question at issue in the cases affects parts of the towns of Glendive, Mont; Duluth, Minn, and Devil's Lake, Dak.

Under Mr. Vilas's decision, the titles to much of the lands on which the towns are partly situated are defective.

Census Gatherers.

Superintendent of Census Porter on July 14 appointed Mr. Edward Stanwood, of Boston, the present editor of *Youth's Companion*, a special agent of the Census office, to collect the statistics of cotton manufactures throughout the United States.

Mr. Stanwood was formerly editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, and is a statistician of considerable note in the eastern states, having written several valuable pamphlets on the productive power of New England.

It is understood that Mr. Stanwood was recommended by some of the most prominent citizens of Massachusetts and other New England states.

Cotton Exports.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the exports of domestic cotton from the United States during the month of June, 1889, and during the ten months ended June 30, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year, were as follows:

Total month ended June 30, 1889, $5,008,736; total month ended June 30, 1888, $8,887,325; total ten months ended June 30, 1889, $228,573,894; total ten months ended June 30, 1888, $214,402,706.

Will Not Re-open It.

The secretary of the Interior has denied the application made by the state of Kansas to re-open a former decision of the department wherein a claim of the state for indemnity for 320 acres of agricultural college land was rejected.

AS TO TANNER.

The Blade's Washington Correspondent Interviews Him.

Democratic papers are doing their utmost to force Commissioner of Pensions Tanner to resign, and not day passes but there is an attack made upon him in accordance with the plan of action laid down by the Democratic national committee. Commissioner Tanner insists that he has not resigned, nor has he any intention of resigning. "I have not resigned," said he to THE BLADE correspondent, on July 11, "nor have I received the slightest intimation either from Secretary Noble or the President that my resignation is wanted.

"The stories to that effect are all absurd and emanate from the Democrats, who are certainly attacking me pretty severely. So far as the President is concerned, he has said nothing which could even be construed into a cautionary remark. When I first went to see him to thank him for my appointment, he said: 'Tanner, run your bureau on business principles. Keep within the limit of the law and be as liberal to the boys as possible.'

"Since then he has not in any way indicated his disapproval of my course. The only remark that he has made to me that might be construed into a cautionary one was when he advised me not to talk."

"But these Democratic papers come out every other day and have you removed," I said.

"Well, never mind that," he said. "Don't talk too much."

"But there is a difference existing between you and the secretary, is there not?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I do not deny that. I would not give a snap of my fingers for a man who did not have his own opinion. The secretary has his and I have mine and they don't exactly agree in every particular, still, there is no serious differen ce in our views and the statement that this, our slight disagreement is likely to result in my resignation, either voluntarily or by request, is news to me and I ought to know something about it."

A CANARD

Relative to Blaine's Alleged Resignation.

The air is once more filled with rumors of Secretary Blaine's resignation. The man named as his successor, is ex-Representative Jno. A. Kasson, of Iowa, who has just succeeded in making himself more popular than ever by his work on the Samoan diplomatic difficulty. Mr. Blaine's health is said to be out of gear again, and upon that unsubstantial foundation this structure of rumor has been reared.

That Mr. Blaine is not strong physically is doubtless correct, and it would not be strange if he had to retire from public life on that account, but to charge his resignation to trouble between the President and himself is nothing but empty talk. Mr. Blaine does not disagree with the President on any essential question. Their differences have been on minor matters of detail, none of them enough to cause a rupture.

Mr. Blaine's Rumored Resignation.

There may be a grain of foundation for the story that Mr. Blaine has tendered his resignation as secretary of state, and that he will be succeeded by Hon. John A. Kasson on the first of September, but I do not believe that there is anything more. That grain of foundation consists in the fact that Mr. Blaine's health is not good, and it is useless to assert to the contrary. I wrote some time ago—when the distinguished secretary of State was prevented from going to New York to participate in the centennial celebration there—that his family friends predicted trouble would arise from his health, and were fearful that he would be soon compelled to abandon all public work. He rallied from that attack, but recently he has been feeling very badly, and since he has been away at Bar Harbor his condition was such that the boys Walker, Emmons and James G., jr., have been summoned to his side. Mr. Blaine himself is aware that his attention to the duties of his office is a severe strain upon his health, and yet he does not want to admit it. He does not want to give up, for his will power and his ambition have been kindled anew during his brief experience in Mr. Harrison's cabinet. I do not believe he has yet determined to resign, although, if you will remember, I predicted that he would not remain in office a year. The opponents of the administration are endeavoring to create the impression that there is a wide difference of opinion between the President and his secretary, of state, and this has been a source of annoyance to Mr. Blaine. If he and the President did not thoroughly understand each other, the constant assertions of lack of harmony might create dissension, but there is nothing of the kind existing. If Mr. Blaine should find that his health demanded his retirement from public office and should tender his resignation, I am satisfied that the President would accept it with extreme reluctance and regret. No one recognizes the value of Mr. Blaine to the Republican party and to the present administration better than Gen. Harrison, and there is the most perfect understanding between them.

If Mr. Blaine should resign, the suggestion of Mr. Kasson as his successor is an eminently proper one. Mr. Kasson has had large experience in the diplomatic service and is a man of broad and comprehensive mind. His work as a member of the Samoan commission was of great value for he had the confidence of the German chancellor, who remembered his successful career as minister to Austria. Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps has himself testified to the importance of Mr. Kasson's association upon the commission and privately has spoken in strong terms of Mr. Kasson's intelligent and diplomatic handling of the affair.

I have heard some say that Senator Allison would object to Mr. Kasson going into the Cabinet but I don't see how he could do that. Mr. Allison himself was urged to accept the secretaryship of State and he declined, so that now if the President chooses to honor the state of Iowa in the person of Mr. Kasson I don't see how the senior senator could object. A friend of the President said to me to-day in speaking on this subject. "The man who ought to be secretary of State is John Sherman, and he might have been if he had not sulked when he found that he had not been sent for by the President for consultation just after the election."

Phelps is Modest.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, in refusing an invitation from the Phelps Guards to a public reception to be given him in Paterson, N. J., in honor of his success in the Berlin conference, wrote:

"I don't like to aggrate the results of the Samoan conference when my colleagues on the commission are absent. If there is anything to celebrate—and while a diplomatic padlock ties my own lips, I have not failed to read in the English and German press, that in their opinion the interests of the United States and of Samoa were not neglected in Berlin—the credit must be shared at least equaiy with my accomplished colleagues on the American commission.

The Winship's Case.

The owners of the American schooner Mattie Winship, which was seized some months ago for illegally fishing within the Canadian three mile limit, have notified the department of Justice that no defense can be entered. In consequence of this admission the department of Justice has under consideration the advisability of imposing a mitigating fine instead of pressing the proceedings in the vice-admiralty court for the forfeiture of the vessel.

Porter's Assistants.

Mr. Porter, the superintendent of the census, says that no more applications for office in his bureau will be considered and no more appointments made, except those already decided upon, until after September 1. After the work of the special agents is well in hand, Mr. Porter will take up applications for appointment as supervisors of the census. There are 175 supervisors and each of them will have the selection of about 300 enumerators.

On a Junket West.

Maj. S. S. Rockwood, chief clerk of the Agricultural department, who has been visiting his family in Wisconsin for a onthm, returned to Washington and resumed the discharge of his duties on July 13.

Under the provisions of the last appropriation bill for the Agricultural department, Prof. J. R. Dodge, statistician, has been detailed by Secretary Rusk to investigate the agricultural statistics of the states and territories of the Rocky Mountain region.

An Extra Session of Congress.

There is no longer any reasonable doubt that there is to be a session of the next Congress before December. The only point which may be said to be undetermined is the date.

Weekly Cabinet Meetings.

There will be only weekly meetings of the cabinet during the heated term, in stead of tri-weekly as heretofore, and Wednesday has been selected as the day of meeting.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Parnell Withdraws His Suit, and the Case Ends.

Upon the ohening of the Parnell commission on July 16, Sir Charles Russell, counsel for Mr. Parnell, arose, and addressing the court, stated that after full consideration of the situation Mr. Parnell had instructed him and Mr. Asquith, also of counsel, to no longer represent him before the commission.

In reply to Sir Charles' statement, which virtually was a notification that Mr. Parnell declined to make any further presentation of his case before the commission, presiding Justice Hannon said: "Mr. Parnell will, of course, remain subject to the jurisdiction of the country."

Messrs Reid and Lockwood, counsel for other members of parliament against whom charges were made by the *Times*, then also withdrew from the case.

Mr. Parnell made a personal application to the court asking that if there was any design to further examine him such examination be proceeded with without delay.

After counsel for Mr. Parnell and the other members of Parliament had retired, Presiding Justice Hannon said that the scope of the inquiry would not be altered by their action. The persons heretofore represented by counsel could appear in their own defense if they desired.

The taking of testimony was then resumed. Mr. James O'Kelly, member of the House of Commons for North Roscommon, was called. He declared that he had no statement to make. On cross examination he admitted that he was a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood from 1866 to 1870. In 1871 an attempt to arrest him was made when he was leaving Ireland under the name of John Smith. Letters were found in his luggage from an agent who was shipping arms to Ireland.

Sir Henry James, counsel for the *Times*, produced several letters written by Mr. O'Kelly partly in invisible ink in which reference was made to the shipment of arms and the doings of the Fenians. One of the letters refering to a remittance of $21,500 from American citizens contained the reading: "We are ready to take the field when the proper orders are issued to the regimental commanders."

The witne s admitted that the letters were authentic. While witness was in America he joined the Clan-na-Gael. This organization sent him to Ireland as a military officer to reorganize the men. He received $9,000 toward his expenses. He did not effect the object of his mission, finding that the agents in Ireland declined to co-operate with him. He therefore considered his mission ended and went to France.

He sent his resignation to America and returned $8,000. Since that time he had had no connection with the Clan-Na-Gael or the Fenians, having the current parliament he had received no money from America. He denied spending $10,000 which had been entrusted to him for election purposes.

NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

Report of the Committee of the Toledo Board of Trade.

The report submitted by the President, and unanimously adopted at the annual meeting of the British Columbia board of trade, at Victoria, B. C., on July 11, is pronounced in favor of reciprocity with the United States. Referring to the fishery industry of the province, it is stated that in the absence of any useful effort on the part of the federal government private enterprise has developed and demonstrated that the black cod and halibut banks are practically unlimited.

The board expresses the earnest hope that the dominion government will endeavor to bring about an interchange of fishery products with the United States, as there is no other product. Reference is made to the vast iron deposits in the province, which would be utilized to the advantage of both countries were reciprocity adopted.

Had the 40 per cent increased duty on lead been passed last session against the states it would have produced bad results to the salmon industry.

As to lumber, reciprocity would be of incalculable benefit. The report draws attention to three causes which have regard to the development of the province.

First—Deficiency of sufficient unskilled labor at moderate cost.

Second—An unduly severe customs thrift under which necessaries of life which have to be imported, become so dear that rates of wages current in other parts of the dominion cannot be adopted there; and

Third—The absence of a market for provincial products. In conclusion, the report urges the board to represent in the proper quarter the advantages under which the province is placed, both by its isolated position and the present fiscal policy of the country.

HAYTI.

Charges That the Ship Madrid was Blown Up by a Dynamite Bomb.

The friends and adherents of Gen. Hippolyte in New York, were greatly startled on July 9, when it became known that Colonel Stephen Preston, who has just returned from Port au Prince, had declared that Gen. Contreras was responsible for the loss of the war ship Madrid with 36 sailors. Col. Preston is a son of the Haytian minister and one of Legitime's staff officers.

"Yes," said Col. Preston, "there is no doubt of Contreras having blown up the ill-fated Madrid with dynamite, and the villain makes no secret of his enormous crime, either. Why, he had the audacity to present Legitime with a bill for $1,500 for blowing up the Madrid and other little services performed during his three months' stay in this city.

"General Legitime promptly kicked Contreras out of the service and warned him if he did not leave the country within 48 hours he would have him shot. I have the story from the villain's own lips. He boasted publicly of having sent the Madrid and those on board of her to the bottom of the ocean.

"What is more, Contreras was on board the Madrid when she first cleared from this port. She took fire and was obliged to put back to New York for repairs. Well, he started the fire in the hope that he would destroy the vessel. On returning to the city Contreras placed a dynamite bomb on board the Madrid shortly before she left on her fatal voyage.

This time, however, Contreras took precious good care not to sail on the ship, as he knew perfectly well that all those on board were doomed to total destruction. I understand that Hyppolite's agents in this city intend to have him extradited for murder, as he has not hesitated to publicly proclaim himself as the destroyer of the 26 poor sailors." According to Col. Preston Hippolite, "is on the top of the heap at present."

Quiet at the Present Time.

A dispatch was received at the navy department on July 10 from Admiral Gherardi at Port au Prince, saying that affairs at Hayti are quiet and that there is no fighting of moment. He also reported that there had been no change in the political situation since his last reports; Legitime holds Port au Prince and Hippolyte remains outside of the town. The Ossippee has now been at Hayti longer than was intended, and the department will relieve her as soon as another vessel can be fitted out.

Canadian Flour.

At the convention of the Dominion Millers' association, at Toronto, July 10, a motion was adopted providing that the government be memorialized to assimilate the duty on flour with the United States duty on Canadian flour and that all flour imported into Canada shall be inspected by duly authorized flour inspectors, and the market value of the flour, when inspected, shall be the basis of value on which duty shall be collected, and that in the event of the United States being willing to wipe out the duty on Canadian wheat and manufactured products thereof that the duty on American wheat and products thereof be dealt with in a similar manner. It was also decided to urge all boards of trade and corn exchanges in Ontario and Manitoba to assist the association in obtaining these just concessions from the Dominion government.

Tenants' Defense League.

Mr. Michael Davitt, in an interview on July 12, said: "The new Tenants' Defense League will give a new start to the Irish cause, which will be of immense importance. It will bring men of all shades of opinion on the popular side into a fighting line under Mr. Parnell. The whole of the reserves will move up to his support. The government will no longer deal with men in the gap, but with the whole Irish race. Mr. Parnell is more emphatically than ever the 'man on horseback.' Mr. Balfour will be better able to appreciate the differences six months hence than to-day."

THE TRUSTS.

THE VARIOUS TRUSTS.

The Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange Gets Some Information.

Mr. James Weeks, chairman of the committee on unlisted securities of the New York Stock Exchange, has succeeded in learning the amount of certificates the various trusts have outstanding. The biggest one of all turns out to be one of the newest of the family—the Lead Trust. It was the information concerning this trust that provoked more astonishment than anything else. Its officers sent word that there had been issued 830,188 certificates of the par value of $100 e ch, or that these certificates represented a capitalization of $83,018,800

Less than two months ago it was known that the capital of this trust was about $32,000,000, and this knowledge of an increase of over $50,000,000 in its capital in so short a period was what paralyzed Wall street. Within the period referred to the managers of the lead trust, who are also the managers of the Standard Oil trust, have absorbed the white lead companies in Philadelphia, two in St. Louis,—the Colyer and the Southern—and the Atlantic Mills in Brooklyn.

For each of these they have issued new certificates and increased their capital stock to the amount represented by the addition of these new certificates, but it seemed incredible that those five or six companies were worth $50,000,000 or anywhere near it. This was a puzzler to Wall street, and there was a rush to dispose of these certificates by those who had been speculating in them. This forced the price down and made lead trusts very weak and shaky.

The following table will show the number of certificates of each of the five trusts and the amount of the capitalization at par:

Name of Trust.	Number Certificates.	Total Capital.
Lead	830,188	$83,018,800
Sugar	428,565	42,856,500
Cotton oil	421,852	42,185,200
Distillers and cattle feeders	307,266	30,726,600
American cattle	133,961	13,396,100
Total	2,191,832	$219,183,200

TO GO INTO A TRUST.

A Scheme of Gigantic Proportions Comes from New York.

As the inter-state commerce bill has abolished the pooling arrangements heretofore existing between the trunk and other pool lines, the necessity for some system of regulating and controlling their traffic appears to be as great, if not greater, than ever before, and some new plan must at an early date be devised therefor. Such a plan, to be effective, should cover the following points:

First—Maintain all the equities, not only as between the railway companies themselves, but also between their respective stockholders' interests.

Second—Continue the legal and all other relations of the respective railway companies of the United States and the several states under which they are organized, as at present.

Third—Secure unity of interest upon an absolutely equitable business in the ownership, operation and earnings of all the lines.

This being accomplished, the weak elements of all pooling arrangements and the temptation to the companies to cut under or destroy the same will have been removed, and the power of the large shippers to play off one line as against the other will be reduced to the minimum, if not destroyed.

The above and many other desirable points which will readily occur to you can, in my judgment, be readily secured, and secured only by placing at least a majority of the shares of the competing eastern trunk lines, the coal lines, the southwestern and northwestern lines and the trans-continental lines and their respective affiliated companies, arranged by territorial groups in trusts similar in many respects to the Standard Oil and other successful trusts.

For some time I have given much thought to the creation and conduct of such organizations, and I am satisfied that trusts, constituted as above outlined, would enable the business of the respective territorial groups to be regulated and controlled in the interests of the public, the proprietors and without arousing any greater restrictive intervention on the part of the national or state governments than exists at present.

If such a trust should be organized for the control of the business of any group of lines it would naturally result in the establishment of similar trusts controlling the other territorial groups.

These could finally be worked separately or in one trust, as experience and policy might dictate.

This proposition covers so much ground that at the start you will naturally be disposed to throw it aside, but the details can be arranged with profit and advantage to all concerned and without much difficulty, and as this matter will have to be dealt with in some way before long, I desire that your mind should be working upon the lines above suggested.

JOHN J. McCOOK.

HAD TO GIVE IN.

The Straw Board Trust Finds it Impossible to Exist.

It is reported among the paper box manufacturers that the "straw board trust," one of the most powerful manufacturing combinations ever established, has given up the fight and that it is only a question of a few days when the pool will be broken. This rumor is partly confirmed by the decline in the past week of $12 to $13 per ton in the price of straw boards, which enters largely into the manufacture of paper boxes.

About five years ago the owners of all the straw board mills in the country organized a plot to control the price, and so successful were their operations that $30 a ton was asked for the manufactured article. This exorbitant figure was resisted by the paper box manufacturers, but all the conferences looking to a compromise came to an end and the manfacturers organized a still closer combination last spring, and the price at one time reached $45 per ton.

Several meetings of the paper board manufacturers were held at which it was resolved to withhold purchases. They were supported in their position by the dull trade and large surplus stock in the warehouses. It was not long before a large mill owner in New York state offered to make a concession, and this rumored out was at once communicated to the other members of the trust.

A general shading in prices took place, and straw boards were offered in every direction at $33 per ton. It was even reported yesterday that as low as $32 per ton would be accepted. The paper-box manufacturers believe they have gained the day, and that the straw board trust would soon be a thing of the past.

AFTER THE MILLS.

A Syndicate Reported to Have an Option on the Northwestern Flour Business.

An option has been given to certain financiers representing New York and London capital, on plants of the C. A. Pillsbury & Co., the Wabash Mill Co., the Washburn Flouring Mills Co., the east and west side water powers, and the Pillsbury system of elevators of Minneapolis. This means a combined capacity of 22,000 barrels of flour a day, or two-thirds of the total capacity of Minneapolis.

Expert accountants have been lately examining the books of some of the plants and reported that the knowledge of the profits they would furnish their employers agreed with what the Minneapolis millers had said. So far no results of their investigations have been received here, but there is plenty of time before September 1 for negotiations to materialize.

EVERYBODY DOES IT.

Schemes Entered Into by Various Business Concerns.

A few days ago the county surveyor at St. Joseph, Missouri, advertised for bids for the building of eighteen bridges. The bids were opened and though about twenty in number there was little difference. The county court was at once struck with the idea that a combination was in force and promptly rejected all the bids. It has since been learned that there is a trust among the bridge builders for the purpose of keeping prices up.

The territory embraced by the trust is southern Iowa and Nebraska, northern Kansas and northwest Missouri. There is hardly a bridge builder of any note is this territory who does not belong to the trust. Regular meetings are held and a scale of prices maintained. A bond is given by each member proviging a severe penalty for any violations of the agreements. The secretary is consulted in event of a dispute.

Every bridge builder in the territory is solicited to join the trust, and if he refuses a systematic warfare is begun on him, which usually ends in a victory for the trust. When bidding is to be done the builders who are to do it meet and agree upon a set of prices. The trust is said to have a membership of about 150.

North River Refining Company.

A decision was rendered in the general term of the Supreme court of New York, on July 10, in the matter of the dissolution of the North River Sugar Refining company, which came before the court on an appeal from an order denying the application for a stay of proceedings pending an appeal. The court affirmed the order, the three judges concurring. The judges declare the order placing the concern in the hands of a receiver, as lenient as could be made under the circumstances.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE BASTILE'S FALL.

Its Centennial Celebrated with Much Enthusiasm.

The French citizens of New York and vicinity on July 15 began the 100th anniversary of the fall of the Bastile with a grand reception and concert at Washington Park. The large hall of the park had been specially decorated with a profusion of tri-colored flags and banners.

The exercises opened with an official reception to Consul General Burawaert, in which M. Henry Maillard, president of the French centennial committee, made an address of welcome. Letters of regret were read from President Carnot, Ferdinand de Lesseps, E. R. Coudert, Mayor Grant, Governor Hill, Grover Cleveland, President Harrison and Vice President Morton.

Ex-President Cleveland wrote: "I send the following sentiment: The friendship which has so long existed between the United States and France is made more sacred and binding by their common devotions to the doctrine of the popular rule and by the mission they have undertaken to demonstrate the fitness of mankind for self government."

President Harrison's letter was: "May the homes of France be perpetually filled with prosperity, contentment and peace. May the French republic ever live in honor among the nations and in the steadfast love of its citizens."

Levi P. Morton's letter: "Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 31st ultimo, and thank you for the complimentary terms in which it is couched. You are quite correct in assuming my unalterable friendship for the land of your birth. All the children of the American revolution were taught to love the fair land of France, and to revere and honor the great men she sent us, who so freely offered their lives and fortunes in our struggle for freedom. I may therefore say that my affection for France was a hereditary sentiment, and the kindness which I received during my official residence in Paris not only served to create many warm friendships, but to increase my interest in your native land. I offer you, gentlemen, my heartfelt congratulations on the grand achievements of your country during the century which has passed since its birth to freedom, and my best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of the people of our sister republic in the old world."

TO PULL TOGETHER.

A Movement to Unite the Railroad Labor Organizations.

About 400 representatives of the local Brotherhood of Engineers of Illinois held a secret meeting at Springfield, Ill., July 14. Little could be learned as to the object of the meeting, but it is thought preliminary steps were taken for the amalgamation of the Brotherhood with other railroad organizations.

Chief Arthur was present and addressed the men, but he is understood to be opposed to amalgamation. What decision was reached by the delegates cannot be ascertained. A well known railroad official said last night, however, that it has been known in railroad circles for some time that the engineers are dissatisfied with the outcome of the strike on the Burlington system, and it has been understood that this meeting was to consider the best plan of retrieving their former power.

To do this it is thought that a general strike of the engineers and firemen on every western road was proposed. This, of course, was strenuously denied by the officers of the Brotherhood, but there seems to be good grounds for believing this move was discussed. Representatives of the brotherhood as far east as Ohio and from the western states were present.

MRS. JOHN TYLER DEAD.

The Second Wife of the Tenth President of the United States.

Mrs. Ex-President John Tyler died at the Exchange hotel, Richmond, Va., on July 10, from a congestive chill. Mrs. Tyler had only been at the hotel since July 7, having come from a visit to her son John G. Tyler, at Williamsburg, and was to have left on July 8 on a visit to another son on the James river, but feeling unwell she kept her room. On the 9th, at 11 o'clock, she was taken with a chill. Medical skill proved of no avail and she died at a quarter past five o'clock on the 10th.

[Mrs. Tyler leaves four children—Lyon G. Tyler, president of William and Mary college, Virginia; Gardiner Tyler, who lives with his wife in City county, Va.; Dr. Lachlan Tyler, of Washington city, and Mrs. Wm. Ellis, of Montgomery county. Julia Gardiner Tyler, second wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States was the daughter of Gardiner's Island, near East Hampton, N. Y., in 1820. She was educated at St. Mary institute, New York city, and after a short time spent in travel through Europe she came to Washington with her father in 1844. A few weeks after their arrival they accepted an invitation from President Tyler to attend a pleasure excursion down the river on the war steamer Princeton. The festivities on this occasion were sadly marred by the explosion of a gun on the vessel, causing loss of life. Among those killed was Miss Gardiner's father. His body was taken to the White House and Miss Gardiner was thrown a great deal into the society of the president owing to the peculiar circumstances attending her father's death. President Tyler's first wife had died shortly after he entered the White House, and the president paid Miss Gardiner marked attention, which resulted in their marriage in New York city, June 26, 1844. For the succeeding eight months of President Tyler's term she presided over the White-house with tact, grace and dignity. After the 4th of March, 1845, Mrs. Tyler retired with her husband to the seclusion of their country place, "Sherwood Forest," on the banks of the James river, Virginia. She remained in Virginia until after the civil war, her husband having died about the beginning of the strife, and then went to reside at her mother's residence on Castleton Hill, Staten Island. After several years' residence there she removed to Richmond, Va., where she died. Mrs. Tyler was a Roman Catholic in religion.]

Other Deaths.

On July 7, in Ithaca, N. Y., Mrs. Adams, wife of President Adams, of Cornell; in New York city, Charles W. Sanders, editor of the Sanders' school books, aged 83.

On July 10, in Glen Cove, L. I., Samuel L. M. Barlow, the distinguished New York lawyer, aged 61; in New York city, Maurice B. Flynn, the well-known millionaire contractor and politician, aged 41; in North Denver, Col., Bishop J. P. Machebeuf, aged 77; the Prince of Mingrelia is dead.

In White Bear, Minn., July 12, Edmund Rice, ex-member of Congress, aged 70; in Saratoga, N. Y., Thomas M. Smith, fifth auditor of the treasury in several Democratic administrations.

Antonio Bottesini, the celebrated Italian contra bassist and composer, is dead.

George Clark, of Hyde Hall, Cooperstown, N. Y., who at one time owned more than 60,000 acres of land in the central part of New York state, died at Richfield Springs, July 8, in his 68th year. He was the fourth of his name to possess the magnificent property granted to Lieut Gov. Clark of the province of New York by Queen Anne in 1740.

SEIZED THE BEER.

The Fight Against the Breweries Continues in Iowa.

A case that is likely to bring out a lively contest arose at Des Moines, Iowa, on July 10 when constables seized a carload of beer consigned from Quincy, Ill., to Fremont, Neb. The car was brought by the Chicago Burlington & Quincy road here and switched off with the explanation that it was to be sent on to Nebraska over the Northwestern road.

The local constables were suspicious that it was to be unloaded here, and so swore out a warrant and seized the car in the face of the way bill, which showed it was destined for another state. The officers claim that if the car was destined for Nebraska it would not have been diverted from the main line of the "Q" to come here.

Went Into the Trust.

The St. Joseph, Mo., Refining company has been absorbed by the sugar trust and has closed down for a term of three years. The consideration is $18,000 a year. About 175 persons are thrown out of employment.

JOHNSTOWN RELIEF.

The Committee's Report on the Distribution of Funds.

At a meeting of the flood commission, held at Cresson on July 10, a committee was appointed to prepare a brief statement of the general relief work performed. From their report it is learned that in round figures the expenditures to date for relief in the Conemaugh Valley, Johnstown and vicinity, aggregate $1,700,000. This includes the work of the Pittsburg, Johnstown and Philadelphia committees and the flood commission, also disbursements of the state in the abatement of nuisances and payment of the military detailed to staff and police duty.

The number of persons to be fed has varied from a maximum of 31,950 to a present commissary roll of 7,000. The number of distinct claims to be passed upon, many of them involving the interests of families or dependent relatives, aggregate nearly 4,000.

The commission also held conferences with committees from Chicago, Williamsport and Johnstown. After hearing the last named committee the commission resolved to appropriate $500,000 to be distributed among the verified claimants in the Conemaugh Valley, through its representative in Johnstown, H. H. Cummin, as soon as the checks for the payments can be prepared.

The sums so paid are to be considered as payment on account of a final adjustment to be made upon a carefully devised system already approved by the commission. The details are left to the judgment of Cummin, but there is a tacit understanding that the distribution is to be upon the registration and classification of claims already made with much care by the Johnstown committee. This cash will average considerably above $100 to each claimant and is in addition to cash already distributed by the Johnstown committee. This, it will be remembered, is besides the general relief work constantly going forward.

The commission increased the sum to be devoted to relief in the nineteen other counties beside Cambria to $250,000. The largest single sum will be required for the Williamsport district, of Lycoming county.

The sums required for the Johnstown district will cover all the moneys coming into the state from outside sources, with large amounts in addition.

BURKE IDENTIFIED.

Interesting Proceedings in the Courts at Winnipeg.

In the Burke extradition case, at Winnipeg, Man., on July 10, John M. Broderick, a detective of Chicago, said there had been no reward offered for Burke's capture.

Charles J. Carlson, whose evidence was required to complete the story of Burke's alleged connection with Dr. Cronin's murder, and who arrived from Chicago by the noon train, was next called to testify. After he had been sworn Mr. Howell asked: "Do you know the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"There," said Carlson, pointing his hand directly at the prisoner, who was sitting along side of Mr. Perdue.

"What is his name?" asked Mr. Howell.

"To me his name is Frank Williams," said Carlson.

That was the point the prosecution desired to establish—namely, that Frank Williams and Martin Burke were one and the same man. When Carlson entered the witness box Burke hung his head, and when the witness pointed him out and uttered the name Frank Williams, a deep blush suffused Burke's face.

Witness then proceeded to tell the story of the renting of the Carlson cottage by the prisoner. Being cross-examined by Mr. Perdue the witness said that he had been taken out into the court-house yard by Officer Collins before coming into court to see if he could recognize anybody coming out the jail and he had recognized the prisoner. He also identified the prisoner from a group photographed in Chicago.

The arguments in the Burke case were concluded on the 10th, and Judge Bain gave an order for his extradition.

Burke's Case.

It is practically settled that a writ of habeas corpus in Burke's case will be applied for by Messrs. Campbell and Perdue. Burke has no money, but a few Irish citizens who desire to see the accused receive fair play have intimated that the lawyers take the matter will be seen that all disbursements, at any rate will be paid. This is sufficient to satisfy the lawyers.

RHODE ISLAND LIQUOR LAW.

Provisions of the License Bill that will Succeed Prohibition.

The Rhode Island legislature met July 16, in adjourned special session to enact a license law. A bill was reported in the special session and made a special order for to-morrow. The bill provides for the wholesale license fees to be from $300 to $1,000, to be determined by the license commissioners, for retail fees $400 in Providence, running down to $250 in the towns, according to population. There are no sub-classes of license provided for in the bill, and everybody who wants to handle liquor of any